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QUEEN NATALIE OF SERVIA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. BROGI, FLORENCE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A suggestion has been recently made by a literary humourist that no work shall receive its "imprimatur" till fifty years after its author's death. The idea is meritorious; but what is more noteworthy is the false premises, though they meet with such general acceptance, on which it is founded. It seems generally argued that the merit, or the demerit, of every book is to be settled by the verdict of Posterity. Why? On what grounds is it supposed that our descendants shall be better judges of what is good or bad in literature than ourselves? So far as such a thing can be investigated, the evidence seems all the other way; for it is to be observed that the people who are always cackling about Posterity and prophesying with their goose-quills about this or that author's place in letters a hundred years hence, are, invariably, praisers of the Past at the expense of the Present. It is probable they have no genuine admiration for it, and only pretend to have, in order to be as uncivil as possible to their contemporaries: just as a twice-married woman will praise her first husband, though she didn't care twopence about him, in order to annoy her second; but one should be logical even in one's pretences. Now, if the last generation of writers and thinkers is so superior to our own, and the one before that to it, and so on and so on, it surely follows by analogy that the next generation to ours will be inferior to it, and the next—which is Posterity—of still less account. Every Spring, I notice, when the trees are putting on their leaves and the birds are beginning to sing, some jaundiced writer, as if disgusted with Nature being as fresh as ever, rates and prates in some antediluvian review or another about the degeneracy of literature, and of how inferior To-day is to Yesterday, and of how little even what seems to be good now will be thought of To-morrow. And so it has always been. Goldsmith complained of it; Dryden complained of it—though one wonders now why they thought it worth their while. It is only reasonable that the Past, in letters as in everything else, should "win a glory from its being far, and orb into the perfect star," unseen by those who moved therein: but how foolish, groundless, and unprofitable is all this envious cant about Posterity! The great master of humour perceived this, we may be sure, when he exclaimed, "I'll write for antiquity!"

Does anyone know who wrote "Young Mistley"? I don't. Whether it will be read by Posterity or not it is hard to say, and also not of much consequence; but in 1888 it is very pleasant reading. The idea of making one of our Foreign Office or Indian Office young gentlemen the hero (a real one) of a novel, and endowing him with all the patriotism and ten times the sense of a Russian Nihilist, is quite new. To those who understand such matters the conclusion of the book, I think, will show the true novelist, for it must have been provided for from the first. One ought to hear something more of "Young Mistley's" papa.

One is always afraid of "telling a story"—not a falsehood, which, unfortunately, has few terrors for us—but an amusing anecdote. There is always somebody who is ready to say he has heard it before (whether he has or not), and lots of people to believe him. Still, so far as I know, the following anecdote is new; the subject most certainly is, for it shows how a young gentleman made money by publishing a book of poems. He had his doubts himself whether it would pay, especially after it had appeared; and when good-natured friends (whose kindness, we may be sure, stopped on the wrong side of buying it) said, "You will be half ruined," he was rather inclined to agree with them. At last, in fear and trembling, he wrote to the publisher to know the worst (which he had calculated at £80). "Let me know how many of the edition have gone off," ran his humble epistle; "and what is the balance I owe you." The publisher wrote back: "Dear Sir,—Your whole edition has gone off, leaving a balance of £20 in your favour; cheque inclosed." The poet was in the seventh heaven, and yet not satisfied; he rushed to the publisher's to inquire who had bought the book—friends, enemies, Mudie, or who? "My dear Sir, I think you had much better not ask." "Not ask? Why not? You wrote to say the edition had been all sold: it must have been sold to somebody." "Pardon me, I wrote that it had 'gone off': so it had, the whole of it. There was a fire in the warehouse, and the contents were insured."

The institution of hospitals has hitherto been reckoned as the highest form of benevolence and civilisation; but the Asylum for the Ugly, which I read has been established in Massachusetts, seems to surpass it: for persons who subscribe to an hospital, though not ill at present, may do so from the apprehension that they may some day require its benefits; whereas handsome people (like the reader), though they may grow old, can never grow ugly. The idea of the founders of this charity is that beauty is a matter of comparison, and that if plain persons were restricted to the society of the plain, it would lead to matrimony. "Love is of the valley," says the poet, and the valley is in some sense the plain. On the other hand, another poet (your poets are so conflicting) tells us "Love is Truth; Truth, Beauty," which, by an application of Euclid, would seem to prove that Love is Beauty. Certainly, if the theory of heredity is to be trusted, this benevolent scheme will probably increase and perpetuate ugliness, which is hardly to be desired. I can only remember one instance of its being an advantage, and I need not say it did not occur to a female. The Duc de Rocole, the witty favourite of Louis XIV., was not only more than "ordinary looking," but what is called in Wiltshire "sinful ordinary"—a very plain man indeed; but his acquaintance, Count Tonson, was plainer. This gentleman, having no beauty to spoil, was a great duellist, and having killed some *persona grata* of the Court, was condemned to death for it. The Duke interceded for him, and with great difficulty obtained his pardon. "Why should you have taken all that trouble to save

Tonson?" inquired the King: "he is not a friend of yours." "Not at all, Sire," replied the Duke, "but if he had suffered, I should then have been the ugliest man in France."

As to the particular rights of the matter in the case of the owners of Latrigg v. the Public Enjoyment, I know nothing; but I am glad, indeed, that it has turned out as it has done. The Lake country is now almost the only district in England where a country walk—that is, a walk not along a high road with walls or hedges on both sides of it—is practicable. The Footpath, which used to be the great attraction of our rural districts, is generally ornamented with a board with "Trespassers Beware!" on it. "Little think the proud ones, who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-road," what hard work it is to walk upon it on a dusty day. This year, of course, it does not signify; one could take a boat: but there will be dry summers some time or another, I suppose. The idea of not letting people climb a mountain because it is private property, is a little too monstrous. But for the good people and their like who have fought the good fight of Latrigg in the law court, we should no doubt lose the privilege of breathing in all open spaces. "Notice! The air here is the exclusive property of the Lord of the Manor, and those who inhale it will be prosecuted as the law directs."

It is one thing for a popular author to be courted, and quite another to be count courted. This has just happened to a lady who "for more than thirty years has been writing church books for children," which seems to make the position still more deplorable. The incident is noteworthy as illustrative of the science of begging-letter writing in connection with literature. The defendant was accused of issuing lithographical appeals, chiefly to clergymen, stating that she could not live very long, though it was probable that the disease from which she was suffering would not for two or three years assume a vital form. In the meantime it seems that not only white meat was necessary for her, but that her turkeys should be boned. The plaintiff, who had lent her £20 "to enable her to retain the copyright of a book," made as great a point of this as if the lady had herself "boned" the turkeys. I do not myself see why, having got possession of the bird, she should not have made the best of it, especially as it was for the entertainment of "a Knight and his wife." When persons of quality honour the likes of us poor literary folk with their company, we naturally wish to entertain them with the viands to which their position has accustomed them. There were, it is true, some other points in the case less in the defendant's favour; but who can find fault with her suggestion to her creditor the divine?—"Would a few of my books be of any service in your parish?" It is a question I should like to ask, myself, of any beneficed clergyman, if I thought it would be of any good (to me); for it is probable that she did not intend to send them gratuitously for circulation in the Free Library. For my part, I am very grateful to her that she seems to have confined her applications to the clergy and refrained from importuning those of her own cloth. She may, it is true, have had reason to know that they have very little to give; but I prefer to believe that the excellent principle of hawks not picking out hawks' een, or (less poetically) of dog not eating dog, forbade it.

It is strange, indeed, considering how numerous must be the failures in the calling of letters, how few of those who pursue it adopt this method of bettering their fortunes. When it does occur there is often nothing to be ashamed of; it seems natural enough that a poor fellow on the lowest of the steep steps that lead to literary success should say to his more fortunately placed brother, "Pray lend me a hand." At the same time, it must be confessed, I have known cases not altogether to the credit of the literary applicant. It is not right (and also very injudicious) to write on a Monday for assistance in a misfortune which the person appealed to has relieved on the previous Wednesday: of course, this is the result of a mistake—the inefficient keeping of a correspondent-book—and proves how just is the remark that literary persons are seldom good business men; but it is fatal. Moreover, I object to defray the expenses of a gentleman in London to his native land, "where literary genius is appreciated" (Ireland), more than twice during the same autumn. Finally, the lithographical form seems to me antagonistic to sympathy, especially when (as in a communication I received this very morning) it commences thus: "I am of gentle blood; born of an ancient, but not wealthy, family in the North. I little thought in my youth to be reduced to live by my pen." Of course, literature is not a lofty pursuit, but an antithesis of this kind does not recommend itself to me personally.

The "Old Times" coach, with its feat of going from London to Brighton and back in less than eight hours, has not only revived the old times, as the phrase goes, for speed, but surpassed them. It seems that anything can be done (with one exception—that of ballooning) in the way of locomotion, and also of athletics, quicker and better than it used to be, if only there is a little money upon it. But save in England there would hardly have been such a fuss about a coach journey. Fourteen miles an hour is certainly a wonderful rate for a road vehicle to travel for over a hundred miles, and the changing of four horses in forty-seven seconds—the time, it is said, that passengers by the "Old Times" were allowed to spend in Brighton before the new four-in-hand started with their heads turned the other way—is a rapid act. But this passion for coaching seems confined to us English. It blossomed late, however. The first coach was made in Hungary, and called a "kochy," from the place (Kottse) where it was made, so that our children's name for it ("coachy-poachy") is more accurate than is supposed by their elders. In France the first coach was manufactured for Jean De Lavel de Bois-Dauphin, because his enormous bulk prevented his riding on horseback. But long after that Queen Elizabeth had no coach, but was content to journey

from London to Exeter on a pillion behind the Lord Chancellor—an historical picture which has yet got to be painted, I believe. In Germany coaches were prohibited in 1588, "because," says the Proclamation of the Duke of Brunswick, "manly virtue, sincerity, boldness, honesty, and resolution" were being lost to the aristocracy through its indolent habit of travelling on wheels. In Spain the coachmen were done away with, for a curious reason: the Duke d'Olivares found that a State secret he had communicated to a friend in his coach had been overheard and revealed by his driver; whereupon a Royal decree was issued by which the place of the driver was made similar to that of our postillion—namely, on the first horse to the left. It is strange, considering how our gilded youth pant to be coachmen, that none of them yearn to be postboys.

QUEEN NATALIE OF SERVIA.

The suit now pending for a matrimonial divorce, or a decree of separation, between King Milan of Servia and his Queen is referred to an ecclesiastical tribunal of three prelates of the Greek Church established in that kingdom. In the meantime, her Majesty has been deprived of the custody of her only child, the Crown Prince of Servia, who is nearly twelve years old. Milan Obrenovitch, who was elected reigning Prince of Servia in 1868, and obtained the title of King in 1882, married, on Oct. 17, 1875, Natalie, daughter of the Russian Colonel De Kechko and of Princess Pulcheria of Stourdza. The bridegroom was, at that time, twenty-one years of age, and the bride only sixteen. Their child, Prince Alexander, heir to the Crown of Servia, was born Aug. 4, 1876. The Queen has never been accused or suspected of any misbehaviour as a wife, but she entertains strong political sympathies with Russia, which she has persisted in manifesting by language and correspondence and acts tending to cause serious embarrassment to the Servian Government; and she has continually disobeyed and defied the King's authority in this respect. His Majesty has, therefore, demanded a legal separation on the alleged ground of "incompatibility of temper." The Queen was sojourning at Wiesbaden, in Germany, when King Milan requested that his son, the Crown Prince Alexander, might be given up to him; this demand was approved by the Emperor William II. of Germany, whose Government sent orders to enforce it, at the same time requiring the departure of the Queen from Germany. Her Majesty had attempted to make arrangements for flight with the Crown Prince; but on Thursday, July 12, the Chief Superintendent of Police called at her villa at Wiesbaden, to inform her that the boy would be taken away next day, and that she must go within a few hours after his departure. The Servian Minister of War, General Protic, sent by King Milan to fetch the young Prince, arrived in Germany; and, on Friday morning, received the boy, who seemed glad to return to his father. He was met by King Milan, next day, at a railway-station in Hungary, and was brought in the evening to Belgrade, the capital of Servia, amidst great official, military, and popular demonstrations of welcome. Queen Natalie, having left Wiesbaden, arrived on Saturday night at Vienna, where she was met by her sister and Prince Ghika, but no attention was paid to her by the Austrian Government; and the Russian Ambassador, Prince Lobanoff, was the only diplomatic or official personage who called on her, though many sympathising friends gathered around her on Sunday, when she attended service in the Russian chapel. Her Majesty left Vienna for Paris on Monday, and intends to go to Florence for some time.

THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES.

The series of manoeuvres, in rehearsal of warlike operations, in St. George's Channel, and round the coasts of Ireland, to be commenced on Tuesday, July 24, by two opposed divisions of the British fleet, one performing the part of an enemy, has attracted considerable attention. The defending force, under command of Vice-Admiral Baird, consisting of two squadrons, the "A. 1." squadron and the "A. 2." squadron, the second of which is commanded by Rear-Admiral Rowley, left Spithead on Monday, July 16, for Milford Haven and the Firth of Clyde. The hostile force, composed of the "B. 1." squadron, under Rear-Admiral Sir George Tryon, commanding the whole of this B. fleet, and the "B. 2." squadron, under Rear-Admiral R. O'Brien Fitzroy, on the same day left Portland, the one squadron for Berehaven, on the south-west coast of Ireland, the other for Lough Swilly, on the north coast. The duty of Admiral Baird's force, the two "A." squadrons, is to prevent the two divisions of Sir George Tryon's force, the "B." squadrons, uniting anywhere on the Irish coasts, or, if they do join, to engage them with superior fighting power. Our Special Artist furnishes an Illustration of the united "B." squadrons as they lay at Portland, before going to occupy their posts on the northern and western shores of Ireland; consisting of the ironclads Hercules, Devastation, Ajax, Hero, and Black Prince, in the "B. 1." squadron; and the Rodney, Invincible, Rupert, Iris, Calypso, and Warspite, in the "B. 2." squadron; to which several cruisers and torpedo-boats are attached. The two "A." squadrons, of Admiral Baird's defending force, are stronger in their composition; the "A. 1." including the Northumberland, Benbow, Collingwood, Conqueror, Monarch, Hotspur, and Northampton; and the "A. 2." having the Agincourt, Inflexible, Neptune, Belleisle, Iron Duke, and Shannon; also with cruisers, gun-boats, and torpedo-boats.

Admiral Hamilton and General Nicholson, accompanied by representatives of the War Office and Admiralty, visited Liverpool on July 16, and had a conference with representatives of public bodies as to the defence of the Mersey.

An afternoon concert was given at Stafford House, by permission of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, on July 18, in aid of the funds of the National Physical Recreation Society, established for promoting physical recreation, more especially among the working classes. Many distinguished artistes took part in a very interesting programme.

The Royal Agricultural Show at Nottingham closed on July 13, when 55,000 persons paid for admission. The total attendance during the week numbered 167,000. These figures have been exceeded only on two occasions in the history of the society—at Manchester in 1869, and at Kilburn in 1879. The receipts at the gate during the meeting were over £10,000.

Her Majesty's Government have awarded a gold shipwreck medal to Captain A. De Moor, of the Belgian pilot-cutter No. 7, in recognition of his kindness and humanity to the mate and four of the crew of the Albert, of Hull, whom he rescued from the disabled Norwegian brig Ruth, on March 19. They have also awarded a gold shipwreck medal to H. Ghys, pilot, and silver shipwreck medals and the sum of £2 each to P. Aspenslugh, assistant-pilot, and H. Nents, apprentice, who manned the rescuing boat.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Marquis of Salisbury, in entering the House of Lords on the Twelfth of July, appeared to be so surprised at the exceptionally large assemblage of Peers, and at the unusual gathering of Peeresses, that he dropped down on the woolsack, presumably to enjoy a genial chat on the matter with that personification of good-humour, Lord Halsbury. The Duke of Argyll had indubitably a distinguished audience. Conspicuous amid the galaxy of noblewomen in the gallery to the left of the throne was Lord Sherbrooke, still bearing his blushing honours thick upon him, and escorting Lady Sherbrooke with the devotion of a husband-lover in the first stages of the honeymoon. Mr. Phelps, the American Minister, sat close by his Lordship. The scene looked all the brighter from the fact that the diminished Court mourning was relieved by the light summer hues of many of the ladies' bonnets and dresses.

His Grace, in rising with some solemnity to move his resolution approving the action of the Government in protecting the loyal subjects of the Queen in Ireland, became the centre of interest. The noble Duke was listened to with attention by the occupants of the Ministerial and Opposition benches alike; Earl Granville, especially engrossed, now and again turning round to regard his eminent ex-colleague. As has been his custom of late years, the Duke of Argyll spoke with the gravity of an inspired prophet. But, alas! his speech was out of date. It sounded like a lament carefully prepared a couple of years ago in the event of Mr. Gladstone's anathematized Irish Home-Rule Bill reaching the Upper Chamber. It had been preceded by a whispered conference between Lord Knutsford and Lord Rosebery, who may or may not have agreed to raise no debate on the motion. Certainly, when the Duke of Argyll sat down after his prolonged lecture, and the Lord Chancellor's putting of the question met with no negative, there was an involuntary ripple of laughter at the collapse. It was as though his Grace had oracularly said, "In the name of the prophets," and the House had answered "Figs!"

The need of the new County Council for London was clearly exemplified on the Thirteenth of July, when the time of the House of Lords was actually taken up by the purely local subject of the nightly fair held on the disused burial-ground adjoining Whitfield's Tabernacle in the Tottenham-court-road. In response to the Earl of Meath, Lord Brownlow was driven to admit that, if the scandal could not be removed by the existing law, the Government would have to introduce a Bill to stop the nuisance. Other matters of minor importance have distracted attention from subjects of Imperial moment. There was a notable exception on the Sixteenth of July, when Lord Knutsford, as Secretary for the Colonies, concurred with the sentiments of deep regret expressed by the Earl of Carnarvon, Lord Kimberley, and the Earl of Derby at the death of Sir John Brand, President of the Orange Free State. Before the House adjourned, Lord Knutsford had the satisfaction of reading the following reassuring telegram from the British officer in command at Etshewe, in Zululand:—"I have relieved Pretorius by flying column under M'Kean, establishing post at official residence. Am taking energetic action against rebel chiefs in district of coast, restoring good order."

Mr. Parnell, on the Twelfth of July, had to hurry to his seat in the House of Commons to be in time to interrogate Mr. W. H. Smith regarding the desired Select Committee to inquire into the origin of the incriminatory letters the hon. member for Cork had previously declared to be forgeries. The anticipated discussion was nipped in the bud by Mr. Smith's announcement that the Government, whilst maintaining that the proposed tribunal would not be a suitable one, were willing to pass an Act appointing a Commission of Inquiry on the subject, composed wholly or mainly of Judges, with full powers to investigate the allegations made against Parnellite members in the trial of O'Donnell versus Walter.

The heat this grave subject of "Parnellism and Crime" engenders in social circles disturbed the ordinarily cool Irish Nationalist leader himself on the Sixteenth of July. Objecting to the late hour at which it was proposed to introduce the measure for a Commission of Inquiry, Mr. Parnell rose to move the adjournment of the House, in order to enter a lively protest against the course of the Ministry on this point. But the hon. member was called repeatedly to order by the Speaker, and had at length to resume his seat, and bide his time. The intervening business transacted, Mr. Smith brought in the Special Commission Bill without naming the Commissioners, and, indeed, without remark. Mr. Parnell, who had bottled up his anger till then, in a fit of virtuous indignation assailed the Government for their conduct. Quoting the words used by the Attorney-General in the recent trial respecting the facsimile letter in the *Times*, "that without doubt, if untrue, it was the worst libel ever published upon a public man," Mr. Parnell increased in warmth, and went on to accuse Mr. Smith and Sir Richard Webster of making "themselves accomplices of this foul and disgraceful libel," and claimed the right to fully discuss the terms of the measure at a future stage. Calmly refraining from noticing the personal attack, Mr. Smith said Mr. Parnell would have the opportunity he sought on the second reading (fixed for Monday, the Twenty-third of July), and added that the names of the Judges would be stated in Committee. In the paramount interests of Parliament itself, it is imperatively necessary that these terrible charges should be proved or disproved without further delay.

Mr. Ritchie has made so much progress with the Local Government Bill in Committee that it is on the cards that there may be no extra Autumn Session after all. Perhaps, the mere mention of this rod in pickle by Mr. Smith caused debate to be abbreviated. At any rate, the clauses regulating the County Council for London (which is not to have the control of the Metropolitan Police) were passed in double-quick time. And though the great Ministerial measure of the Session has since then been encumbered with a superfluity of petty provisions, which should, in accordance with the vital spirit of the Bill, have been left to the new County Councils themselves to settle, the beginning of the end is nigh. We seem to be within a measurable distance of prorogation in August.

Miss Frances Allitton gave a concert at Maida-vale, by permission of Mr. and Mrs. Binnie Smith, on July 19, when several new songs of her composition were introduced; and on the 20th Madame Dukas (Miss Louisa Van Noorden) gave a concert at Messrs. Collard's, Grosvenor-street.

Italian enthusiasm waxed high at a dinner given on July 16 to a numerous body of Italian exhibitors and visitors at the Italian Exhibition in London. The president of the reception committee, Colonel J. T. North, was in the chair, and warmly toasted the distinguished Italian statesman on his right, Signor Bonghi, who replied in an eloquent speech laudatory of the Italian Exhibition. In a resonant speech, delivered in Italian, Mr. J. R. Whitley dwelt on the good effects of the fine Exhibition he has organised, and called upon the company to drink to the health of the Prince of Naples, their honorary president, whose visit is postponed.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

It is an old axiom in theatrical matters that it is only necessary to abuse a play sufficiently to secure for it a long and lasting career. Faint praise is death to the drama. Sufficient laudation or sufficient execration is its life-blood. Seldom has a work been so roundly abused for its coarseness, brutality, and vulgarity as Sardou's "La Tosca"; and yet it has done better and drawn more money than any play ever produced by the enterprising M. Mayer. In fact, the "Tosca" or Sara Bernhardt, the bad play or the good acting, or both, are so successful that it has been necessary to postpone for a week the first performance of the new comedy, called "Francillon," by Alexandre Dumas. Only one last word about this wretched "Tosca." It is astonishing to find so many able writers commenting on Sardou's dialogue with special favour, and lauding the work to the skies as a piece of dramatic literature. Well; we can only trust our ears. The play is not printed, so there is no proof to enforce our argument; but, judging by the ear only, the dialogue of "La Tosca," both in its serious and comedy scenes, is about as cheap stuff as was ever turned out by an experienced playwright. It is exactly in this poverty of dialogue, in this literary depression and meanness of style, that the play strikes one as so intolerably vulgar. If ever subject required poetry, or even theatrical rhetoric, or something rich and grandiloquent in expression, in order to lift it out of the mire of common-place, it is this one. It wants dignity of expression and poetic prose. But this is exactly what it does not get from Sardou. He has never yet sold to the public such shoddy. As to literature—why, ten times better exercises of literature can be found in the old British transports preserved in the invaluable stores of Mr. Samuel French, of the Strand.

The Lyceum Theatre is likely to open again, after Sarah Bernhardt's departure, far sooner than was expected. Mr. Richard Mansfield had made all his arrangements to start his autumn campaign with his version of Louis Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" about Sept. 3; but much to his surprise, he discovers that Mr. Daniel Bandmann intends to forestall him with another version of the same story, for which purpose he has taken the Opéra Comique Theatre, and advertises that he intends to open it on Aug. 6 (Bank Holiday). Mr. Mansfield, having ascertained these facts, will by a desperate effort push on in order to anticipate Mr. Bandmann's venture, so that it is not at all improbable that we may have to welcome Mr. Mansfield very early in August instead of very early in September. Meanwhile, all our leading theatres are closing their doors. Mr. Beerbohm Tree, at the Haymarket, and Mr. Wilson Barrett, at the Princess's, have both said good-bye to their friends and promised to return as soon as possible, in good health and with new plays. This evening (July 21) we shall see the last of the celebrated Hare and Kendall management at the St. James's: the old friends will separate and go on their several ways rejoicing, amidst feelings of universal and cordial respect, only, we trust, to spring up again elsewhere—starting fresh enterprises with renewed energy. On the same evening Mrs. Bernard Beerbohm will take her benefit at the Opéra Comique, and relinquish for the moment the many cares and anxieties of management.

As matters stand, new plays come out fitfully, and, such as they are, seem scarcely worth the trouble of producing. For instance, what good purpose is gained by exhibiting in public, even at a matinée, such a work as "Conscience," by Mr. Edward Litton, that wasted a recent afternoon at the Vaudeville? It did not require even the eye of an expert to prove that such a work, ambitious though it might be, was not good enough for public representation, and might well have been left in the author's desk. But these authors with their first children are irrepressible. They are like a hen with one chick. They firmly believe that the managerial protest against the definite claims of the "great unacted" is a just one; but, all the same, they have a play which is, perhaps, "the best thing of the kind ever seen, etc."! They want the managers to reject everyone else, but to accept them. In theatrical affairs, the ordinary laws of human nature are strained. There ought to be a word coined to represent the sublimation of human vanity.

The strike of match-girls employed by Messrs. Bryant and May has been settled.

Mr. Haden Corser, of the Oxford Circuit, has just been appointed Recorder of Much Wenlock, in succession to Mr. Plowden, recently appointed a Metropolitan Police Magistrate.

The Leeds Town Council have resolved to purchase the Coloured Cloth Hall estate, opposite the Wellington Railway Station, and the block of buildings called Quebec-buildings, for the purpose of widening and improving the streets—£66,000 to be offered for the Cloth Hall estate, and £38,000 for the Quebec estate.

The match between the Australians and the English Eleven at Stoke ended, July 13, in a victory for the Colonists by an innings and 35 runs. The match between Eton and Harrow ended at Lord's, on July 14, in a victory for the Harrovians by 156 runs; and at Kennington Oval the Players defeated the Gentlemen by an innings and 39 runs. In the ninth match between England and Australia, which was concluded at Lord's on July 17, victory rested with the Colonials, who defeated the home team by 61 runs. The score now stands—five matches won by England, two by Australia, and two drawn.

The annual meeting of the governors and friends of the Reedham Asylum for Fatherless Children was held in the Cannon-street Hotel on July 17. The chair was occupied by Mr. Richard Jolly. No regard is paid to the sex or creed of those elected, but the education is conducted on the general principles of Christianity. The total receipts have been £12,241, which, after defraying all expenses, leaves a balance in the bank of a little over £1000. Twenty children were elected, ten boys and ten girls, together with the officers for the ensuing year.

A large and fashionable congregation assembled on July 17 at St. George's, Hanover-square, to witness the marriage of Mr. Frederick Heygate, son of Sir F. Heygate, Bart., and Miss Flora Walter, daughter of Mr. John Walter, the proprietor of the *Times*. The ceremony, which was fully choral, was performed by the Bishop of Derry, assisted by the Rev. H. M. Walter. The bride was conducted to the altar by her father, and was followed by six bridesmaids—Miss Heygate, Miss Maud Heygate, Miss M'Neile, Miss Amy Erskine, Miss Farrar, and Miss Portal. They wore costumes of white China silk and Valenciennes lace, and white tulip hats trimmed with Maréchal Niel roses. Each wore a pearl brooch and carried a bouquet of yellow roses, the gift of the bridegroom. The bride's dress was of white crêpe-de-Chine, covered with a deep flounce of old Spanish point lace, the corsage and train being of white brocaded moire. Her ornaments were diamonds. Mr. R. P. Maxwell acted as best man.—On the same day the church of Quidenham, Norfolk, was crowded on the occasion of the marriages of Major Frederick St. Leger Tottenham and Mr. William Dunbar Blyth to two of the daughters of the late Very Rev. Thomas Garnier, Dean of Lincoln, and Lady Caroline Garnier.

AT THE FOOT OF BEN LEDI.

Sit here in the stern of the boat, and let her drift out on the glassy waters of the loch. After the long sultry heat of the day it is pleasant to let one's fingers trail in these cool waters and to watch the reflection of the hills above darkening in the crystal depths below. Happy just now must be the speckled trout that dwell in the loch's clear depths; and when the fiery-flowering sun is ablaze in the zenith there are few languishing mortals who will not envy the cool green domain of the salmon king. But, now that the sunset has died away upon the hills, like "the watch-fires of departing angels," a breath of air begins mysteriously to stir along the shore, and from the undergrowth about the streamlet that runs close by into the loch blackbird and water-ousel are sending forth more liquid pipings. The cuckoos, that all day long have been calling to each other across loch and strath, now with a more restful "chuck! chu-chu, chu, chuck!" are flitting, grey flakes, from coppice to coppice, preparatory to settling for the night. The blackcocks' challenge, "kibec, kibec, kibec!" can still be heard from their tourney-ground on the *moraine* up yonder, at the moor's edge; and from the heath above still comes the silvery "whorl-whorl-whorl" of the grouse. For these sounds can be heard far off in the stillness of the dusk. But listen to this mighty beating of the waters, and look yonder! From the shadow of the hazels on the loch's margin comes the royal bird of Juno, pursuing his mate. In his eager haste, he has left the water, and with outstretched neck, beating air and loch into foam with his silver wings, he rushes after her. She, with the tantalising coyness of her sex, has also risen from the water, and, streaming across the loch, keeps undiminished the distance between herself and her pursuer. At this, finding his efforts vain, he gives up the chase, subsiding upon the surface with a force which sends the foam-waves curling high about his breast. Disdainfully he turns his back upon the fair, and without once inclining his proud black beak in her direction, makes steadily for the shore. This, however, does not please the lady. She turns, looks after her inconstant lover, and, meeting with no response, begins slowly to sail in his direction. Suddenly again at this, with snowy pinions erect, neck curved gallantly back, and the high waves curling from his breast, he surges after her, ploughing up the loch into shining furrows. Again the coy dame flees, and again and again ere nightfall the same amorous manoeuvres will be gone through. No plebeian affair is this the mating of these imperial denizens of the loch. Seldom do mortals witness even this wooing of the swans.

More commonplace, though not, perhaps, less happy, are the three brown ducks and their attentive drake, which having, one after another, splashed themselves methodically on the flat stone by the margin of the lake, now swim off in a string for home. Young trout are making silver circles in the water as they leap at flies under the grassy bank; and the keen-winged little swallows that skim the surface, sometimes tip the glassy wave with foot or wing.

Before the daylight fades there are beautiful colours to be seen on shore. The fresh young reeds that rise at hand like a green mist out of the water deepen to a purple tint nearer the margin. The marsh dyke that comes down to the shallows is covered with the red chain-mail of a small-leaved ivy; and the gean-tree beside it, that a week or two ago raised into the blue sky creamy coral-branches of blossom, retains still something of its fragile loveliness. On the stony meadow beyond, the golden whinflower is fading now, but is being replaced by the paler yellow splendour of the broom. The rich blush-purple of some heathy banks betrays the delicate blossom of the blueberry, and patches of brown show where the young bracken are uncurling their rusty tips.

And silent and fair on the mountain descends the shadowy veil of night. Darkening high up there against the sapphire heaven, the dome-topped hill, keeping watch with the stars, has treasured for twenty centuries strange memories of an older world. Whether or not, in the earth's green spring, it served as a spot of offering for some primeval race, no man now can tell. But long before the infant Christ drew breath among the far-off Jewish hills, grave Druid priests ascended here to offer worship to their Unknown God. On the holy eve of the First of May the concourse gathered from near and far, and as the sun, the divine sign-manual set in the heavens, arose out of the east, they welcomed his rising with an offering of fire. From sea to sea across dim Scotland, from the storm-cloven peaks of Arran to the sentinel dome of the Bass, could be seen this mountain summit; and from every side the awed inhabitants, as they looked up and beheld the clear fire-jewel glittering on Ben Ledi's brow, knew that Heaven had once more favoured them with the sacred gift of flame. For the light on the mountain-top was understood to be kindled by the hand of God, as were the altar fires of the Chaldean seers on the hills of the East of old; every hearth in the land had been quenched, and the people waited for the new Bal-tein, or Baal-fire from Heaven, for another year. Rude these people may have been—though that is by no means certain; but few races on earth have had a nobler place of worship than this altar-mountain, which they called the Hill of God.

The climber on Ben Ledi to-day passes, near the summit, the scene of a sad, more modern story. On the shoulder of the mountain lies a small, dark tarn. It is but a few yards in width, yet once it acted a part in a terrible tragedy. Amid the snows of winter, and under a leaden heaven, a funeral party was crossing the ridge, when there was a crash; the slow wail of the pipes changed into a shriek of terror; and a hundred mourners, with the dead they were carrying, sank in the icy waters to rise no more. That single moment sufficed to leave sixty women husbandless in Glen Finglas below. No tablet on that wind-swept moor records the half-forgotten disaster; only the eerie lapping of the lochlet's waves fill the discoverer with strange foreboding, and at dusk, it is said, the lonely ptarmigan may be seen, like souls of the departed, haunting the fatal spot.

On a little knoll at the mountain foot, where the Leny leaves Loch Lubnaig, lies the little Highland burial-place to which the clansmen were bearing their dead comrade. Only a low stone wall now remains round the few quiet graves; but here once stood the chapel of St. Bride, and from the Gothic arch of its doorway Scott, in his "Lady of the Lake," describes the issuing of a blithesome rout, gay with pipe-music and laughter, when the dripping messenger of Roderick Dhu rushed up and thrust into the hand of the new-made groom the fiery cross of the Macgregors:

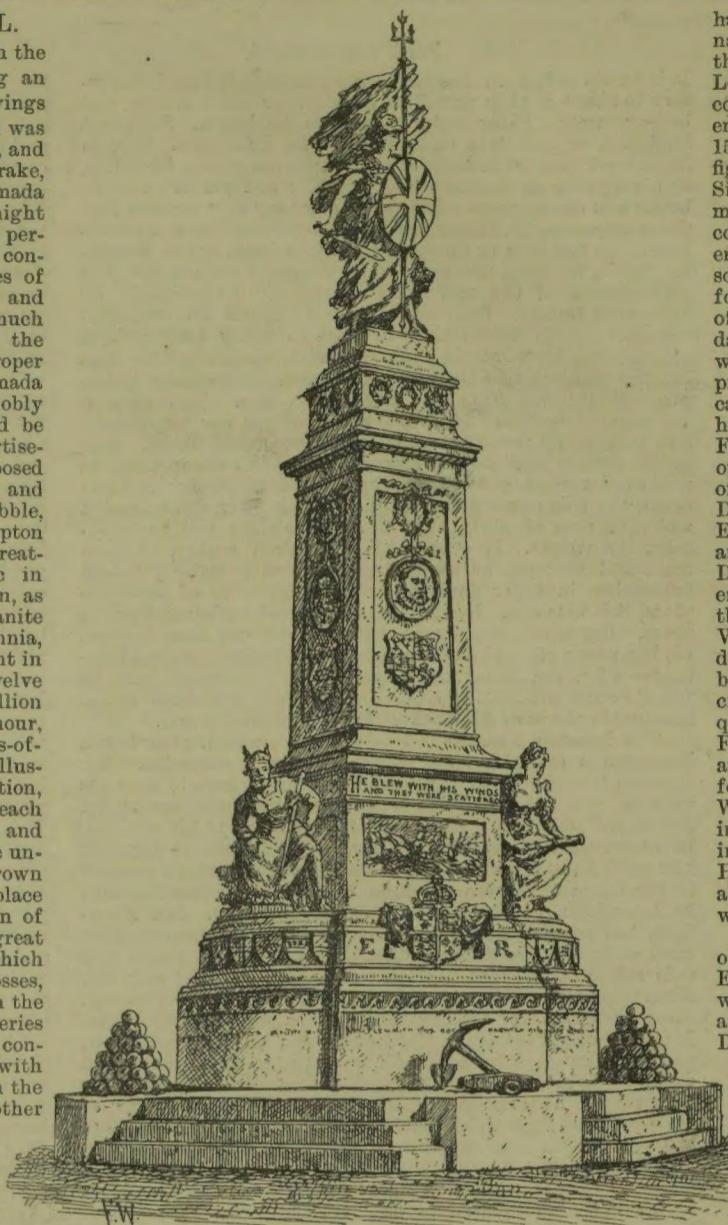
The muster-place is Lanrik mead;
Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!

Well did the poet paint the parting of bride and groom; and to-day on the mossy stones of the little burial-place are to be read the wistful words of many who have bid each other since then a last good-bye. Surely the arcana of earth's divinest happiness is only opened by the golden key of love. Sweet, indeed, must be that companionship which unclaps not with resignation even when sunset is fading upon the hill's of life and the shadows are coming in regretful eyes; but would fain stretch forth its yearnings through the pathway of a Hereafter.

G. E.-T.

ARMADA TERCENTENARY MEMORIAL.

The committee formed at Plymouth last year, of which the Mayor of Plymouth is chairman, resolved on erecting an Armada memorial on Plymouth Hoe. Numerous drawings were sent in by architects, sculptors, and others. Opinion was at first divided between a column with figures, bas-reliefs, and medallions, or the adaptation of the present statue of Drake, inaugurated five years ago, as the central figure in an Armada memorial. It was felt, however, that whatever form might be adopted, it should be representative of the chief personages who figure in the history of that great conflict, and it should also place upon record the names of the cities and towns which contributed ships, men, and money for the defence of the country. After much deliberation and consideration of many suggestions, the committee decided that, with the sanction of the proper authorities, a permanent monument, to be called the Armada Memorial, to perpetuate the brave deeds of the men who nobly defended their country in a grave time of peril, should be erected on Plymouth Hoe. In response to public advertisements, the committee obtained designs for the proposed memorial. From amongst a large number of suitable and well-executed drawings, the design of Mr. Herbert A. Gribble, A.R.I.B.A., of South Kensington, architect of the Brompton Oratory, was selected. It is bold in its conception and treatment, symbolical in its character, eminently patriotic in spirit, and highly effective as a work of art. This design, as shown in the accompanying illustration, consists of a granite pedestal, 35 ft. in height, surmounted by a figure of Britannia, with the shield of the three crosses, a banner and trident in her left hand, and in her right a sword. Below are twelve wreaths of laurel, and in the panels of the shaft, medallion portraits of Howard, Drake, Hawkins, Raleigh, Seymour, Wintour, Frobisher, and others, with their respective coats-of-arms. The south panel in the base has a bronze bas-relief, illustrating the destruction of the Spanish Fleet, with the inscription, "He blew with His wind and they were scattered." On each side of this bas-relief is a statue, one representing Valour, and the other Vigilance. The central ornament consists of the unveiled arms of England, as used at the period, with the crown of Queen Elizabeth. On the north side it is proposed to place the arms of England of the present day, with the crown of the Queen-Empress Victoria, thus connecting the two great eras in English history—the Elizabethan and Victorian—which idea is also symbolised by the shield of the three crosses, popularly known as the Union Jack, held by Britannia on the top of the pedestal. Running around the base will be a series of shields, bearing the arms of cities and towns which contributed to the defence of the country in 1588, together with those of the principal families whose ancestors served in the English fleet under Lord Howard of Effingham and the other Admirals Drake, Hawkins, and Seymour. The cities, towns, and families here represented are simply suggestive, and are by no means finally decided upon, being subject to any alteration that may hereafter be deemed necessary. There will also be an inscription recording the names of the principal vessels engaged, and their commanders, in order that the memorial may be thoroughly representative and instructive in its character. The total estimated cost of the completed memorial as here described will be about £3500. If, however, this amount is not forthcoming—a contingency which the committee do not regard as at all probable—only such portions will be proceeded with as may be warranted by the available funds. It is hoped that the cities, towns, and representatives of the families of the Elizabethan heroes will undertake to furnish any portions of the memorial (as the shields, medallions, and bas-reliefs)



THE PROPOSED ARMADA MEMORIAL, PLYMOUTH.

with which they may be more closely identified, or in which they may feel most interested. A record of all such independent aid will be duly noted. With this object in view, the committee have obtained separate estimates of the cost of the several portions, particulars of which may be obtained of the hon. secretary, Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Drake Chamber, Plymouth.

The national and patriotic commemoration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada

has been commenced at Plymouth. It was rightly and naturally first taken up in that town, the port in which the English fleet, under command of Lord Charles Howard, Lord Howard of Effingham, assembled for the defence of the country, and from which, the news of the approach of the enemy off the Cornish coast having arrived there on July 19, 1588, the fleet sailed early next morning to begin the ten days' fighting in the Channel. Plymouth was also the birthplace of Sir John Hawkins, the Rear-Admiral of this fleet and chief manager of the Navy, to whose administrative labours the construction and equipment of the most powerful ships engaged on this occasion were mainly due, and who, in personal command of the Victory, and of the squadron that followed her flag, bore a part second only to Lord Howard of Effingham in the actual conflicts of the first seven days. Sir Francis Drake, commanding the Revenge, though with the rank of Vice-Admiral, led a squadron composed of privateers from the western ports, whose armament was not capable of engaging with larger Spanish galleons; and Drake himself, by leaving the fleet while he went in chase of certain Flemish merchant-vessels, after the first encounter, lost the opportunity of sharing in the fights off Portland and the Isle of Wight. It was not till the evening of July 27, off Calais, Drake having meantime rejoined the fleet, that the whole English force was brought together; Lord Henry Seymour and Sir William Wintour, with the ships on guard between Dungeness and Dover, then crossed the Straits, and beset the enemy's fleet in Calais Roads. Admiral Sir William Wintour—the name has frequently been spelt Wynter—commanding the Vanguard, proposed the use of fire-ships, in the night, to drive the Spaniards from their moorings. In the great battle off Gravelines, on July 29, when the Armada was crushed and shattered by a fierce cannonade at close quarters from nine in the morning till six in the evening, Sir Francis Drake, in the Revenge, with Hawkins, in the Victory, and Martin Frobisher, in the Triumph, gave the first charge, followed by Lord Henry Seymour, in the Rainbow, Sir William Wynter (Wintour), in the Vanguard, and Sir Henry Palmer, in the Antelope, but every one of those above named took part in this final conflict. Sir Robert Southwell, Lord Thomas Howard, Edmund, Lord Sheffield, and the Earl of Cumberland, also performed brave feats of war on several occasions in that week.

It is interesting to know that, besides the noble families of Howard and Seymour, now represented by the Earl of Effingham, the Duke of Norfolk, and the Duke of Somerset, who are vice-presidents of the Tercentenary Commemoration, among the committee formed on this occasion are Dr. H. H. Drake, Major Martin Frobisher, and Captain T. F. Wintour, of Ryde, descendants of the families whose names were rendered illustrious by the brave seamen of the Elizabethan age. The chief representative of the Drakes is Sir Francis Fuller-Elliott-Drake, Bart., of Nutwell Court, Lympstone, near Exeter, who also claims descent from Admiral Elliott, Lord Heathfield, the hero of Gibraltar. The Wintour family, of which the present head is the Rev. G. Wintour, Rector of Ironbridge, Shropshire, is of very ancient British origin, being derived probably from the Castellan of the "Gwyn Tour," the White Tower, at Carnarvon; but knights and nobles of that name, perhaps of French extraction, are mentioned in the reigns of Henry I. and Edward II., and in the wars of Edward III. In the reign of Edward VI. Commodore Wintour gallantly defended Jersey against a French attack, which is related by Speed and other chroniclers of the time. Queen Elizabeth, on her accession in 1559, appointed this officer, Admiral Sir William Wintour, Master of the Naval Stores; and he commanded the fleet in the Firth of Forth to expel the French from Leith. He was



THE FLEET MANEUVRES: THE B. SQUADRON AT PORTLAND, UNDER ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE TRYON.

FROM A SKETCH BY ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.



TO BRIGHTON AND BACK IN EIGHT HOURS BY THE "OLD TIMES" COACH: PASSING CUCKFIELD PARK.

C. HENTSCHEL - Sc

associated with Sir John Hawkins, in 1562, in a scheme to open a new trade with Guinea, Hispaniola, and Porto Rico (not unconnected, we fear, with the slave trade). In 1567, Sir William Wintour and Sir Thomas Smith were the Commissioners sent to France to demand the restitution of Calais according to treaty. In the next year, Sir William intercepted a Genoese vessel bringing an immense sum of money from Spain to the Netherlands, to be used in putting down the Dutch revolt. He was in Parliament in 1575, taking an active part in financial, commercial, and political business, and especially in that concerning maritime affairs. Captain Wintour, who accompanied Sir Humphrey Gilbert's disastrous expedition to North America in 1583, and Sir Francis Drake's expedition to Portugal, may have been a son of Sir William. The Admiral's performances, as second in command to Lord Henry Seymour, in the great action of July 29, 1588, against the Spanish Armada, were the crowning glory of his career. On board his ship, the Vanguard, was Lieutenant John Wintour; and the scene of this ship going into action is the subject of Sir Oswald Brierly's well-known picture. Two of the most formidable Spanish galleons, the San Matteo of Don Diego de Pimentel, and the San Felipe of Don Francesco de Toledo, were crippled by the shot from the Vanguard, which lay "most times within speaking distance" of the enemy, and which discharged "five hundred shot of demi-cannon culverin and demi-culverin." When the remnant of the Armada fled into the North Sea, Lord Henry Seymour's division of our fleet was ordered to the mouth of the Thames, and thence to Harwich, to prevent either its return, if the wind had changed, or the Prince of Parma crossing from Flanders, if the sea became calm. Sir William Wintour was then appointed Vice-Admiral of England, and the Queen granted to him the manor of Lydney, in Gloucestershire, where he built a stately mansion, but died in 1589; he had sat in the House of Commons for Portsmouth, and afterwards for the county of Gloucester. He was succeeded by his son, Sir Edward Wintour, who was an important personage, and whose son, Sir John Wintour, figures conspicuously in the history of the Civil Wars of Charles I. as one of the most zealous and valiant Royalist commanders. Sir John Wintour's estates and mansion were confiscated by vote of the House of Commons in 1648. His personal achievements and adventures, both at the siege of Gloucester and in subsequent campaigns in the valleys of the Severn and the Wye, are related in local history, and are of a sufficiently romantic character. With regard to the descendants of Sir John Hawkins, there are some interesting particulars furnished by Miss Hawkins, in the valuable "Armada Commemoration Number" of the *Western Antiquary*, published at Plymouth, and edited by Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Borough Librarian. Richard Hawkins, only son of Sir John, also in the conflict with the Armada, in command of a vessel called the Swallow, behaved with extraordinary courage. Five years after that, he led an expedition through the Straits of Magellan to the South Seas, discovered new lands, and was captured, after three days' hard fighting, by a greatly superior force of Spaniards; he was taken to Seville, and was detained a prisoner nearly nine years; on his release, he became Mayor of Plymouth, M.P. for that borough, was knighted and made Vice-Admiral, and lived in State at his house of Poole, near Slapton, in South Devon. Mr. R. Stuart Hawkins is the present living representative of the family, which has for centuries been associated with the good town of Plymouth.

THE "OLD TIMES" BRIGHTON COACH.

In the "old times," of which all have read, if not in Queen's Jubilee histories of the beginning of Victoria's reign, at least in the early stories told by Charles Dickens—in the old times which some of us can personally remember—well-appointed mail-coaches performed the longest journeys at the rate, including all stoppages, of more than ten miles an hour, while special post-chaises could do more than eleven miles an hour; and it was very pleasant in fine weather. The distance by road from Piccadilly, the "White Horse Cellars," to the Old Ship Hotel, Brighton, is fifty-four miles; it was done in 1837, by the Quicksilver mail, carrying the Queen's first Speech at the opening of Parliament, in three hours and forty minutes. His Majesty George IV., when Prince Regent, once drove it in four hours and a half. The high art of coachmanship is not yet extinct, nor has the breed of good roadsters degenerated in England, though all serious journeys are now done by railway. From London to Brighton and back in eight hours is a speed worthy of the "Old Times" coach, and of Mr. James Selby, its veteran regular driver. At the late Ascot race-meeting, the proprietors of this coach accepted a sporting bet of £1000 to £500 that it could not be done. They handsomely resolved to give Mr. Selby the £1000 if he won the bet. On Friday, July 13, this feat was successfully accomplished. The coach started at ten o'clock from Hatchett's Hotel, carrying six passengers—namely, Mr. M'Adam and Mr. Beckett, the owners, Mr. Carleton Blyth, Mr. Waller Dickson, Mr. W. P. Cosier, and Mr. Alfred Broadwood, with the guard, Walter Godden. It went down Grosvenor-place and along Buckingham Palace-road, over the Chelsea Suspension-bridge, to Streatham, changed horses, then on to Croydon, Purley Bottom (change horses), Merstham, Redhill, Horley, Crawley, Cuckfield, Friars' Oak, and Patcham, changing teams at these and one or two other places. The run from Cuckfield to Friars' Oak was done at a gallop. The coach arrived at the Old Ship at three minutes to 2 p.m., having accomplished the journey just under four hours. The stay at Brighton was only momentary, the horses were merely turned round, and a few telegrams handed up. The coach started homeward amidst hearty cheers, came back by the same route, and Selby brought his party safe to town in splendid style, arriving at Piccadilly at 5.50, or ten minutes under the stipulated time to win the bet. Many members of the Coaching Club were present at its arrival in London.

The officers of the Exchequer and Audit Department have presented their old chief, Sir William Dunbar, with an illuminated address, as a token of their esteem and regard.

Mr. Lewis T. Dibdin, of Lincoln's Inn, has been appointed to the Chancellorship of Exeter diocese, vacant by the death of Archdeacon Phillipps. Mr. Dibdin is Chancellor of the diocese of Rochester.

Lord Aberdare presided on July 14 at the sixty-fourth annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held at their offices, Jermyn-street. In the afternoon a meeting was held in St. James's Hall, where the Duchess of Albany presented the principal prizes gained in the past year's competition by pupils and teachers. Her Royal Highness was presented with numerous bouquets of flowers.

The fifteenth annual show, for working men and their families, was held on July 14 in the Board Schools, Oxford-gardens, Notting-hill. About £60 was awarded in prizes, £10 going to children, and the remainder to adults. The show was a very creditable one, and the exhibits were of a varied character, including flowers, needlework, and specimens of cookery. The prizes were distributed by Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Two hundred years ago Alexander Pope was born; and, as commemorations are the custom of the day, the poet's birth is being celebrated at Twickenham, a spot with which his name is as much associated as the name of Shakspeare with Stratford, or that of Scott with Abbotsford. There he lived for five-and-twenty years, cultivating his quincunx and his vines, adding daily to the glitter of his famous grotto, and enjoying, with the first men of the age, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." Chiefs out of war and statesmen out of place sauntered on his lawns; and at his table the Prince of Wales talked about poetry till he sent the poet to sleep. There, too, came Swift, the most powerful intellect of the age; and there Voltaire's gross talk drove Pope's mother from the room. The villa at Twickenham was the scene of the poet's most brilliant triumphs as a satirist. That quiet retreat on the Thames did not soften his asperities, and many of his sharpest bits of satire must have been written under influences that would have soothed and reconciled a less irritable spirit. At Twickenham Pope died, after a lifelong battle with dunces and with disease; and if there is now nothing left to remind us of him beyond his grotto, or a piece of it, no lover of literature can visit the place without many a thought of the fiery little poet who sang and suffered there.

The fame of Pope has been assailed for more than a century, but without serious effect; and while critics have proved, or think they have conclusively proved, that he is no poet, there are still readers who find an exquisite enjoyment in his verse. We have had in the present century poets who are immeasurably superior to Pope in imagination and harmony; but he holds his own in spite of them, and Mr. Swinburne is, I think, right in saying that "matched on his own ground he never has been nor can be!"

Few men of letters ever fought against greater obstacles in the struggle of life or conquered them more gallantly. He was deformed and sickly, and, in his later years at least, so feeble that his body had to be supported in stays. He could not rise to dress himself without help. His legs were so slender that he wore three pairs of stockings, which he was unable to draw on and off without assistance, and his seat had to be raised to bring him to a level with common tables. Pope, moreover, was a Roman Catholic, at a time when those who held that faith suffered many privations: and, coming of a comparatively humble stock, had none of the advantages of birth. He was self-educated, too, and every step he advanced in life was due to his own energy and genius. Before he was thirty Pope had translated the "Iliad," and was regarded as the chief living poet of his country; and, from that time to his death, the first men and women of the age were either proud to be his friends or in mortal dread of his enmity. His compliments, it has been well said, are divine, and his revenge is deadly. By a word of discriminative praise he confers a poetical immortality; by a word uttered against a foe he makes that foe contemptible. Swift and Arbuthnot, Gay and Bethell, Atterbury and Bolingbroke, gain double honour by his rhymes; and in them, too, the poet's real or imaginary enemies, Lord Harvey, Colley Cibber, the famous "Lady Mary," Nahum Tate, Blackmore, and many others are held up to ridicule or execration. Like all satirists, Pope is sometimes grossly unjust; but a strong personal feeling, a white heat of passion, makes his satirical power tremendous. He does not shoot his arrows into the air, but aims them directly at the mark, and seldom misses it. To be "hitched" into Pope's rhyme in this way was an infliction which few men could bear with equanimity.

The personal feeling which inspired so much of Pope's verse gave it instant notoriety. Men don't always object to see even their best friends slashed at by a consummate wit, and in everything the poet wrote the Town found food for talk. This love of a little scandal, however, is not now, nor was it in his lifetime, the secret of Pope's power. He would have been forgotten as speedily as Churchill was forgotten if it were not for the art that lives in every line, for a style so exquisite that it confers a lasting beauty even upon common-place ideas. Nothing can surpass the dainty skill with which he sketches a character or catches a passing fancy and secures it to us for ever. He is the master of phrases and of couplets. There is no waste in his wit; every line tells, and mingled with the scorn, the sarcasm, the allusions that made many a public man of the day wince, there is an occasional elevation of tone that forces us to forget the satirist in the poet. A satirist unequalled in England, unless it be by Dryden, he had, what "glorious John" had not, the most sportive and lively fancy; add to this, pathos, though not of the highest order, the finest wit and an ease of expression which conceals the subtlest sense of art, and we see why Pope is still so dear to the lover of literature. He is the poet for common moods; and, as men rarely rise into the higher regions of thought, he is the poet for every-day service. It is simply amazing to note how his phrases are employed in that service. If we except Shakspeare, no English author's words are so frequently on our lips, and so haunt our memories. People quote them without knowing whence they come. Is there one of my readers who is not familiar with such lines as the following:—

"The proper study of mankind is man."
"Order is heaven's first law."
"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"
"A little learning is a dangerous thing."
"An honest man's the noblest work of God."
"To err is human; to forgive, divine."
"The last and greatest art—the art to blot."

Scores of lines equally familiar—and the reader, if he pleases, may say equally commonplace—may be quoted which have the singular merit of sticking to the memory. We may forget the lovely music of a Shelley or a Coleridge, but Pope's lines and couplets are at all times available. Bank-notes and gold are not always at hand when wanted; but most of us, it is to be hoped, have some silver in our pockets for daily use. And Pope has his gold too. His "Rape of the Lock" is the most exquisite thing of the kind in the language; the closing lines of the "Dunciad" are majestic; and sometimes there is a high moral tone, or an utterance of human sympathy, expressed so nobly that the reader feels he is in the presence of a poet as dignified as he is impressive. The two lines—

Never chafe'd while one man's oppress'd,
Never dejected while another's blessed—

are, in Mr. Ruskin's judgment, "the most complete, the most concise, and the most lofty expression of moral temper existing in English words." This may be an exaggeration; but amidst much that is offensive—and, it is to be feared, insincere—in Pope, there is frequently a noble strain of poetry, which satisfies the heart as well as the intellect.

With all his defects, then—and his sins are many—Pope has a great name in English literature; and to recognise the genius of such a man publicly seems a reasonable thing to do. We have had greater poets, and many a better man; but Pope, too, belongs to the noble list of English worthies, and it is well for our sakes, if not for his, since a poet's poems are his best monument, that, in the spot he loved so well, some honour should be paid to his memory.

J. D.

THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.

In spite of wind and rain, the scores generally on July 11 were higher than in previous years, especially in the competition for the Queen's Prize. Private Lewis, 4th Devon, stood at the head of the list, with an aggregate of 68 out of a possible 70. Highest possible scores were also made for the Holford, Perriquet, and Windmill Prizes. After evening gunfire, a mass meeting of Volunteers was held in the Bell Tent, to consider the future locale of the association's annual gathering. The tent was densely packed. Lord Wantage presided; and among those on the platform were the Earl of Wemyss, Viscount Bury, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, Sir Henry Fletcher, and many members of the council. The proceedings, though not absolutely unanimous in favour of Richmond Park as the future site, were most enthusiastic, perhaps the only difference of opinion being that an effort might even yet be made to continue the meetings at Wimbledon.

The shooting was again remarkably good on the 12th, the scores for the Queen's 300 averaging quite two points higher than those of last year. The Bronze Medal was won by Lieutenant Barrett, of the Argyllshire and Sutherland Highlanders, with an aggregate of 96 points. Major McKerrell, Ayrshire, made a highest possible score at 600 yards. The Martin's Cup was won by Captain Timmins, 2nd Cheshire, who also made all bull's-eyes. Several highest possible scores were made in other competitions, the most noteworthy being ten successive bull's-eyes by Captain Thorburn, of Peebles, for the Curtis and Harvey prize, at 1000 yards.

Notwithstanding the improvement in the weather the scores were lower on the 13th than on any previous day of the meeting. In the contest for the *Daily Telegraph* Cup ten men attained the highest possible score of 35, and two of these—Lieutenant Brown, 3rd Lanark, and Captain Morrison, 1st Sutherland—again tied, each with three bull's-eyes.

The second stage of the Queen's Prize concluded on the 14th, with the result that four men completed aggregate scores of 201 each—Ingram, of Lanark; Noakes, of 1st Derby; Cooper, of Exeter; and Bates, of Warwick—and one of 200 came next. Lieutenant Barrett, the winner of the bronze medal, came out with only 193. Corporal Noakes won the tie on shooting off, and takes the silver medal. Colour-Sergeant Smith, 3rd West Surrey, won the first prize in the Prince of Wales's competition, the second being secured by Private Rodger, 1st Roxburgh and Selkirk. In the match between Lords and Commons, two a side, the latter were victors by 145 to 121. Captain Morrison, 1st Sutherland, won the *Daily Telegraph* Cup, after a most exciting contest; the Lancashire team the China Cup; and the 1st Renfrew the Belgian Cup for volley firing. The eleven men who made scores of 34 points each for the St. George's Prizes on Friday shot off the ties on Saturday, with the result that the Vase, Dragon Cup, Gold Jewel, and £30 were won by Colour-Sergeant Ford, 3rd South Staffordshire; the Silver Jewel, Silver Salver, and £25 fell to Sergeant-Major Harker, 2nd Sub-Division R.A.; and the Bronze Cross, Silver Cup, and £20 to Lieutenant Dalglish, 3rd Lanark.

Divine service was held on Sunday morning, July 15, at the Umbrella Tent, where contingents from the various Volunteer battalions in camp and a large number of visitors were assembled, although at the time rain was descending in torrents. The band of the London Rifle Brigade was in attendance, and the preliminary part of the service was conducted by the Rev. A. Gray. A short but appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. W. M. Bottom.

On Monday, the 16th, the National Challenge Trophy, competed for by teams representing England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, was won by Scotland—England being second, Ireland third, and Wales fourth. The Mullens' Prize, shot for by teams from each battalion at unknown distances, was carried off by the 1st Liverpool; and the United Hospital Challenge Cup by the St. Thomas's men, who were the victors last year. The Wimbledon Cup was won by Mr. Whitehead, of Bury, Lancashire, with 70 points, at 1000 yards range. The Wilmot Prize, for aggregate scores at 500 and 600 yards, was won by Lieutenant More, 1st Northumberland; the gold medal for the Grand Aggregate by Lieutenant Barrett, 5th Argyle and Sutherland, 337 points; All-comers' Aggregate by Private W. Ward, 4th Devon, 186; the Nursery Aggregate by Private Laurie, 7th Royal Scots, 93; and the Hop Bitters Aggregate by Captain Arnell, 5th Hants, 157.

In dull and showery weather on July 17 the Queen's Prize was won by Private Fulton, Queen's Westminster, who made a total score of 280—six points above Lieutenant Warren's last year's record. The second place was taken by Lance-Corporal Noakes, 1st Berks, with 279 marks; Private Wattleworth, 2nd Liverpool, coming third, with 278. The principal prize given by the Secretary for War fell to Corporal Barrett, 1st Oxford, with 35 points, Lieutenant Fremantle, 1st Bucks, being second, with 34. Sergeant Prior, 4th Hants, won the first prize of the Armourers' Company with 32 points, there being two other scores of equal amount. The Atkinson Prize went to Major McKerrell, with a highest possible; and the Field Memorial Challenge Cup, contested by past and present members of the "Twenties," was taken by Private Kydd. The principal City Corporation prizes were taken by Sergeants Wilson, Short, and Duncan, and Lieutenant Chamberlain, all of Canada.

The chief items on July 18 were competitions for the United Service Cup, the Chancellor's Plate, and the Kolapore Cup.

The Princess of Wales presides at the distribution of prizes on the afternoon of July 21, at five o'clock.

The Queen has conferred the Silver Jubilee Medal upon Superintendent Hayes, chief of the Windsor Borough police.

Mr. Maunde Thompson has been appointed Chief Librarian at the British Museum.

The race for the Wingfield Sculls took place on July 16, from Putney to Mortlake, Guy Nickalls, of Magdalen College, Oxford, defeating J. C. Gardner, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

Among the donations that have recently been promised towards the funds of the South London Polytechnic Institutes, is one of £1000 from the firm of Messrs. Rothschild, and a similar sum from Messrs. Baring.

A complimentary banquet was given to Sir John Whittaker Ellis, M.P., on July 16, at the Star and Garter Hotel, Richmond-hill, by the inhabitants of Richmond and its neighbourhood, in recognition of his recent gift of the Castle-hill Hotel property to Richmond. A handsome service of plate, consisting of three Monteith bowls and a loving-cup, all in silver-gilt, was presented to Sir J. W. Ellis at the banquet. The chair was taken by the Duke of Cambridge.

A magnificent sturgeon was captured in the Dee on July 16. Two men were engaged in catching salmon, near Sandcroft, Hawarden, when they secured an enormous fish in their trammel-net. They landed it after a long struggle, and found it to be a sturgeon weighing 200 lb. It is over 5 ft. long, and as thick as a man's body. It is supposed to be the largest specimen ever caught in the Dee. A smaller fish, weighing 156 lb., was taken two years back.

OBITUARY.

SIR JOHN HARDY, BART.

Sir John Hardy, Bart., of Dunstall Hall, in the county of Stafford, died at his residence, 22, South-street, Park-lane, on July 9. He was born Feb. 23, 1809, the eldest son of Mr. John Hardy, of Dunstall Hall, Bencher of the Inner Temple, by Isabel, his wife, daughter of Mr. Richard Gathorne, of Kirkby Lonsdale, in Westmorland, and was brother of the first and present Viscount Cranbrook, P.C., G.C.S.I. He was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1831, and proceeded to M.A. in 1834; was a Justice of the Peace for Staffordshire and the West Riding of Yorkshire, High Sheriff for the former county in 1878; and represented Midhurst in Parliament in 1859; Dartmouth, 1860 to 1868; and South Warwick, 1868 to 1874. He married, Aug. 13, 1846, Laura, third daughter of Mr. William Holbech, of Farnborough, Warwickshire, by whom, who died Jan. 19, 1885, he leaves, with other issue, a son, now Sir Reginald Hardy, second Baronet, who married, in 1876, Lucy Marion, youngest daughter of Captain John Neilson Gladstone, R.N., M.P., of Bowden Park, Wilts, brother of the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P. The title was conferred on the late Baronet on Feb. 23, 1876.

SIR CHARLES JEPHSON-NORREYS, BART.

Sir Charles Denham Orlando Jephson-Norreys, first Baronet, of Mallow Castle, in the county of Cork, died suddenly at Queenstown on July 10. He was born in 1799, son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel William Jephson, by Louisa, his third wife, daughter of Mr. C. Kensington, of Blackheath; was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1820; and having assumed by Royal license the additional surname and arms of Norreys, he was created a Baronet in 1838. He was a Deputy-Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for Cork, and represented Mallow in the Liberal interest from 1826 to 1859. He married in 1821, Catherine Cecilia Jane, daughter of the late Mr. William Franks, of Carrig, near Cork, which lady died in 1853, leaving, with two daughters, a son, Denham William, who was born in 1821, and died last May, consequently Sir Charles's baronetcy becomes extinct.

GENERAL PENNYCUICK.

General James Farrell Pennyquick, C.B., Royal Artillery, died on July 6, aged fifty-nine. He was the eldest son of the late Brigadier-General John Pennyquick, C.B., K.H., of Logie, who commanded a brigade in the Sikh War of 1849, and fell, with his youngest son, in the battle of Chillianwallah. He entered the Army in 1847, became Captain and Major in 1854, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1861, Colonel in 1869, Major-General in 1880, Lieutenant-General in 1885, and General in 1886. He served in the Crimean campaign, 1854, including the battle of Inkermann and the siege and fall of Sebastopol, for which he received a medal with two clasps, Sardinian and Turkish medals, and the fifth class of the Medjidieh. He next served in the Indian campaign of 1857-58, including the relief of Lucknow by Lord Clyde, the battle of Cawnpore, the actions of Seria Ghat, Chanda, Sultangore, the siege and capture of Lucknow, and the action of Barree, for which services he was given a medal with two clasps. He next served with the expedition to China in 1860, and was present at Tangku, the capture of Taku Forts, and the surrender of Pekin. He was created a C.B. in 1869. He married, in 1861, Janie, eldest daughter of the late Mr. William Rutledge, of Farnham Park, Victoria, Australia, and leaves issue.

THE REV. G. R. GLEIG.

The Rev. George Robert Gleig, M.A., late Chaplain-General of the Forces, died at his residence, Bylands, near Winchfield, on July 9, in his ninety-third year. The late Mr. Gleig served in the Peninsular Campaign of 1813-14 as a subaltern in the 85th Foot. He was present at the siege of San Sebastian, the passage of the Bidassoa, the battle of the Nivelle, the battle of the Nive, and the investment of Bayonne. For his services in these campaigns he received the Peninsular War medal, with three clasps. Subsequently he was employed in the American War, at Bladensburg, Baltimore, New Orleans, and Fort Bowyer. After the conclusion of peace Mr. Gleig quitted the Army and proceeded to Oxford, and became a member of Balliol College. He graduated M.A. at that University in 1819, and was ordained priest by the Archbishop of Canterbury the following year, when he was appointed Rector of Ivychurch, Kent, and Perpetual Curate of Ash in 1822. He was appointed Chaplain of Chelsea Hospital in 1834, Principal Chaplain to the Forces in 1844, and Chaplain-General in 1846, which latter appointment he held till April, 1875, when he retired on account of his increasing years. He was Inspector-General of Military Schools from 1846 to 1858, and became a Prebendary of St. Paul's in 1848. He was the author of numerous educational works.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Charles Saltren Willett, M.A., Vicar of Monckleigh, Devon, on July 3, suddenly.

Admiral the Hon. Sir Edward Alfred John Harris, K.C.B., brother of the Earl of Malmesbury, at Sondling Park, his seat near Hythe, Kent, on July 17.

Lady Dyke (Elizabeth), widow of Sir Percyvall Hart Dyke, sixth Baronet, and youngest daughter of Mr. John Wells, of Bickley Park, Kent, at 34, Hill-street, on July 10.

Lady Briggs (Amelia), wife of Sir John Henry Briggs, late of the Admiralty, and eldest daughter of Mr. Charles Hopkinson, at 11, Tisbury-road, West Brighton, on July 10.

The Rev. Adolphus Augustus Turnour, for twenty-seven years Vicar of Ellenhall, Staffordshire, on July 7, aged sixty-five. He was the fourth son of the Hon. and Rev. Adolphus Augustus Turnour, third son of Edward, second Earl Winterton.

The Dowager Lady Sudeley, on July 14, at her house in Chesham-place, aged seventy-eight. She was the second daughter of the late Mr. George Hay Dawkins-Pennant, of Penrhyn Castle, and married Thomas Charles, second Lord Sudeley, in August, 1831, and was left a widow in 1863.

Mr. Richard Micklethwait, of Ardsley House, Barnsley, J.P. and D.L., on July 9, aged fifty-seven. He was the eldest son of Mr. John Micklethwait, of Ardsley House, and Thornville, in the county of York, Lord of the Manor of Ardsley, and was brother of Mr. John Pollard Micklethwait, of Penhain, in the county of Monmouth, J.P.

Major Alexander Crombie, late 72nd Highlanders, at 17, Hogarth-road, Earl's Court, on July 11. He served with his regiment in the Crimean Campaign, 1855, including the expedition to Kertch and the siege and fall of Sebastopol (medal with clasp and Turkish medal) and throughout the operations in Central India, 1858-59.

Lady Laura Grattan, at her house in Eaton-square, on July 12, aged eighty-one. She was the youngest of the large

family of William, Lord Huntingtower, son of Louisa, Countess of Dysart, and sister of the Hon. F. J. Tollemache, who died on July 2. She married, in 1847, the Right Hon. James Grattan, of Tinneinch, and was left a widow in 1854.

Major-General Robert Bennett, late of the 46th and 63rd Regiments, at The Poplars, Coleraine, in the county of Londonderry, on July 7, aged fifty-five. He served in the Eastern campaign of 1854, and was present at the battles of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkermann, and siege of Sebastopol (severely wounded). Medal with four clasps, and Turkish medal.

Colonel Richard Byrd Levett, of Milford Hall, in the county of Stafford, J.P. and D.L., late Lieutenant-Colonel commanding 4th Battalion North Staffordshire Regiment, formerly Lieutenant 60th Rifles, on July 7, aged seventy-seven. He was the eldest son of the late Rev. Richard Levett, of Milford Hall, by Louisa, his wife, daughter of the Rev. Walter Bagot, of Blithfield, Stafford.

“BEFORE THE BEAK.”

In the slang of London vagabonds, which comic writers have made generally known, a police magistrate is called a “beak.” The bird of wisdom, though proverbially as grave as any human Judge of inferior jurisdiction, is not invested by Act of Parliament to sentence a culprit to fine or imprisonment; but the owl has a formidable beak of his own, as well as power, by some stringent “clause of the Act,” or claws of his own, to detain the hapless offender. It is unlikely that the Owls’ Parliament, wherever its Sessions are held, would have passed a law for the protection of mice; but there may be a Game Law, reserving those little quadrupeds, in certain places, to afford sporting pastime and desirable prey to the privileged race of owls. That such unworthy creatures as cats should presume to catch a mouse, under the eyes of their grave feathered superior, will seem in his eyes an impudent transgression. In the barn or stable-loft, where this masterful owl has found a temporary abode, he is disposed to admit no poachers or trespassers on his exclusive rights of chase. Those three nimble Pussies, after starting the game and pursuing it to the steps, up which it has run, to be clutched by a stranger foe, are confounded by the forbidding anger of an unexpected opponent. “Before the Beak” they stand rebuked, and their temerity is appalled by such a fierce apparition, the like of which they never saw before. There is no knowing what this determined, strong-willed bird might do, for does not Shakespeare record the fact that, on one occasion,

An eagle, towering in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at, and killed?

FOREIGN NEWS.

Our Paris Correspondent, who is taking his yearly holiday just now, favours us with some Holiday Rambles, two of which appear in the present issue. In the French Chamber of Deputies on July 12 General Boulanger brought forward a motion for a Dissolution. He maintained that it was necessary, and that a general election should be held before the celebration of the Centenary of 1789. M. Floquet said the Government had the right to ask the President to dissolve the Chamber, but did not propose to do so. He reproached General Boulanger with relying upon the support of the Right, said he was always absent from the Chamber, and that it was not for him, therefore, to criticise its work. At the conclusion of M. Floquet’s speech an exciting scene took place. General Boulanger declared that four times in the uproar which prevailed he had given the Premier the lie. The President announced that he must formally censure the speaker for this language. Thereupon the General protested, resigned his seat, and left the House, followed by his partisans. A formal vote of censure was passed upon the General. In consequence of this scene in the Chamber, a duel with swords took place next morning between M. Floquet and General Boulanger. The latter received a severe wound in the throat, and M. Floquet was slightly wounded in the hand and breast. Later in the day he assisted in unveiling the Gambetta monument in the Place du Carrousel, Paris. M. Floquet, who arrived with President Carnot, received an enthusiastic ovation. He delivered a warm eulogy upon the patriotism of Gambetta, and speeches were also made by M. De Freycinet, the Presidents of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, and M. Spuller on behalf of the Subscription Committee. The Festival of the Fourteenth of July appears to have passed off fairly well, though the newspaper correspondents differ as to the degree of success attained. A review of the troops at Longchamps was followed by a dinner on the Champ de Mars to 2500 Mayors, after which there was a display of fireworks from the Eiffel Tower. The Bishop of Angers introduced a Bill in the Chamber on July 16 to put down duelling; but the motion was negatived by a show of hands. The question of the naval defences of France has been debated at some length; an amendment being accepted to open a credit of £7,000,000, to be covered by annuities. The first reading of the Bill for the proposed defensive works at Brest, Cherbourg, and Toulon was passed on July 17. In the Senate, on the same day, the clauses in the Sugar Bill were discussed, and the Bill was passed in its entirety.

A State banquet was given by the Emperor William II. on July 12 to all the Ambassadors and foreign Ministers in the Marble Hall of the Potsdam Town Castle. His Majesty has issued a Rescript ordering that the project for providing the city of Berlin with a suitable cathedral shall be immediately carried out, in accordance with his father’s wishes expressed on March 29. It is officially announced that, with the Emperor’s sanction, the widowed Empress Victoria will henceforward bear the title of the Empress-Queen Frederick. Her Majesty visited Berlin on July 17 for the first time since the death of her husband. She was accompanied by her three daughters, Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret. After spending about three hours in the palace formerly occupied by the late Emperor when Crown Prince, her Majesty returned to Potsdam. The Emperor left Potsdam on July 13 for Kiel, on his visit to the Czar. He arrived at Kiel next morning, and drove through the town to the harbour, being received with much enthusiasm by the people. On alighting from his carriage he entered the man-of-war’s boat and was conveyed to the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern, which shortly afterwards put to sea. The manoeuvres of the fleet excited much admiration. It is officially announced in Berlin that the Emperor William will, on his return from St. Petersburg, pay a visit to Copenhagen.—On July 15 the Berlin Art Exhibition was opened in the Princes’ Saloon of the Exhibition Palace by Ministerial Director Greif, who represented the Minister of Education, Herr Von Gossler.

A fearful hurricane has passed over Southern Hungary, causing enormous destruction of crops, while several persons were killed.

There have been great floods in the United States.

A telegram from Capetown announces the death of Sir J. H. Brand, President of the Orange Free State.

A fire broke out in the shaft of the De Beers mine at Kimberley, South Africa, on July 11. Eight hundred miners were entombed, and there has been great loss of life.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty paid an unexpected visit to London on July 12, in order to visit the Duchess of Cambridge at St. James’s Palace. The Duchess is, we learn, in wonderful health, considering her advanced age and the fact that she has not been out of doors now for many years. After spending some time with the Duchess her Majesty left for the apartments of the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, where she took tea. At 6.30, having spent an hour at the palace, her Majesty returned to Windsor. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, drove, on the morning of July 13, to Frogmore, where Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne joined her Majesty. The Queen drove out in the afternoon with Princess Beatrice and Princess Margaret of Connaught. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne took leave of her Majesty and left for London. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg returned to the castle from Claremont. The Duchess of Teck, the Duke of Teck, and Princess Mary of Teck arrived at the castle. The Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury also arrived, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Marquis had an audience of her Majesty. On the 14th, the Hon. Lady Biddulph, Sir William Jenner, K.C.B., and Lieutenant A. V. Jenner (Rifle Brigade), had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. Lieutenant A. V. Jenner had the honour of being presented to the Queen before dining, when her Majesty conferred upon him the decoration of the Distinguished Service Order for gallant conduct during the Burmese War. Sir Morell Mackenzie and Professor Corrodi, of Rome, were received by the Queen. The Queen and the Royal family attended Divine service at the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore on Sunday morning, July 15. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated. Divine service was afterwards performed in the private chapel at the castle, the Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Rev. Canon Gee, D.D., officiating, and the Rev. Canon Gee preaching the sermon. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Christian Victor and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and Prince Pedro of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha dined with her Majesty. Baron De Estrella was presented to the Queen, and afterwards had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Queen left Windsor Castle on July 18 for the Isle of Wight.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, attended Divine service at the church of St. Mary Magdalene, in Sandringham Park, on Sunday, July 15. The Rev. F. Hervey, Reector of Sandringham, domestic chaplain to the Prince of Wales and chaplain to the Queen, officiated and preached. The Prince and Princess returned to town the next day; and on July 17 their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by their three daughters, opened the new buildings of the Great Northern Central Hospital, in Holloway-road, receiving an enthusiastic welcome from thousands of spectators as they passed through the decorated streets of Islington. After the Prince had performed the opening ceremony, the Princess received purses on behalf of the funds of the hospital, and in this way £1050 was subscribed. They afterwards went through the wards and conversed with several of the patients. Prince and Princess Christian visited the Prince and Princess and remained to luncheon. The Prince, attended by Major-General Ellis, visited Prince Pedro of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha at Claridge’s Hotel.

The Duchess of Albany on July 14 visited the Royal Hospital for Children and Women, Waterloo Bridge-road, and distributed flowers to each patient.

Princess Christian left Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, on July 17, for Germany. Her Royal Highness was accompanied to London by Prince Christian.

Princess Louise paid a visit to Stratford-on-Avon on July 16; and next day her Royal Highness attended a meeting at Goodrich-road Board Schools, East Dulwich, in aid of the Recreative Evening Schools Association.

The Lady Mayoress held her last reception at the Mansion House on July 17.

The Queen has been pleased, by letters patent under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom, bearing date July 11, 1888, to ordain and declare that the borough of Wakefield shall be a city, and shall be called “The City of Wakefield.”

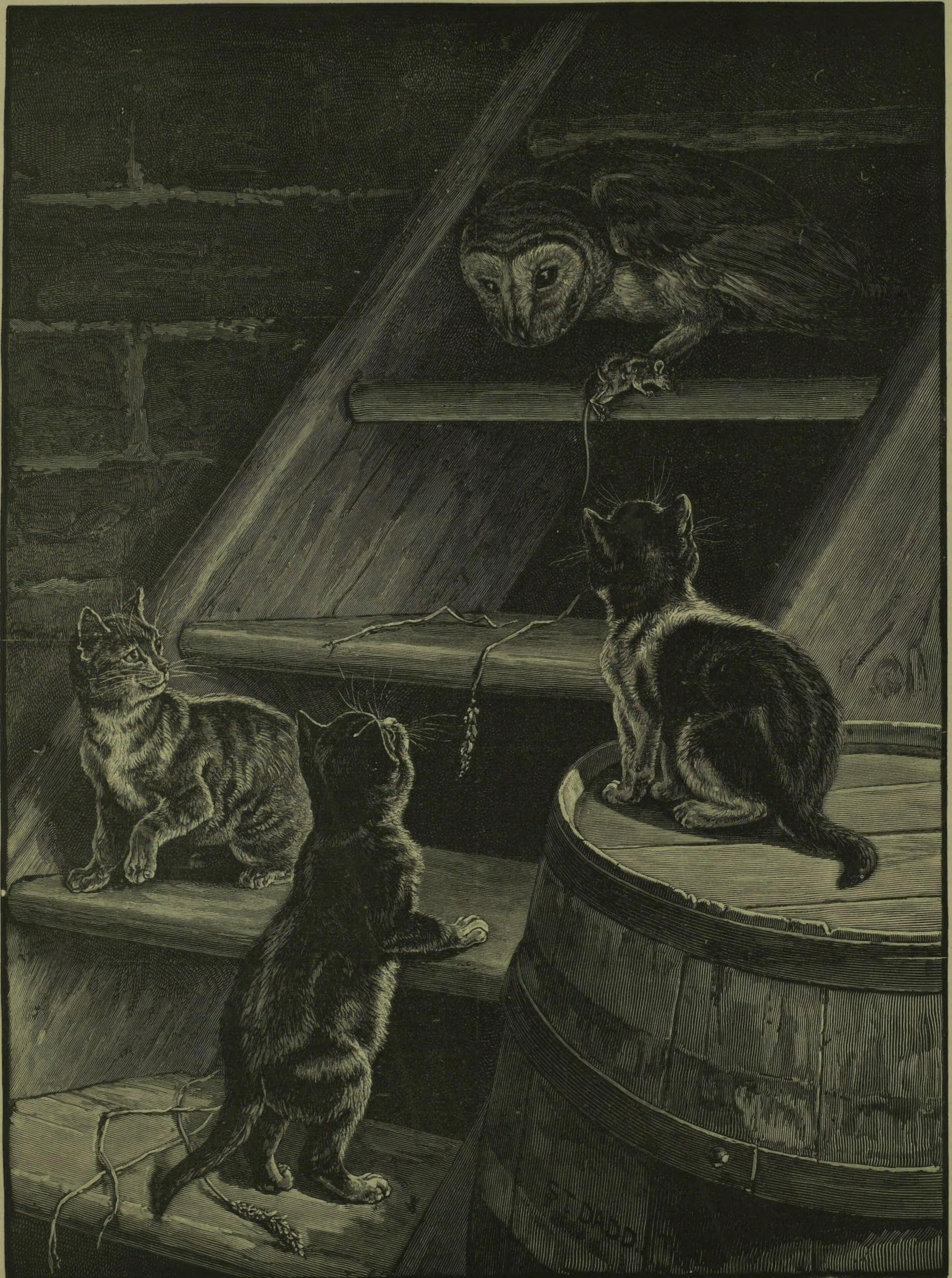
It is officially notified that the State Apartments of Windsor Castle will be open to the public on and after Monday, July 23, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, under the usual regulations, until further orders.

The Lord Mayor has remitted to the British Ambassador at Berlin a sum of £63 16s., being the final instalment of the subscriptions received at the Mansion House for the sufferers by the floods in Germany. This makes a total remittance of £5563 16s. The fund is now closed.

The tender of Messrs. Mowlem and Co. for the erection of the Central, Eastern, and Western Towers of the Imperial Institute at £18,797 has been accepted, thus making the total value of the contract for the main buildings £161,597. The works connected with the Imperial Institute-road have been commenced, and will be sufficiently advanced for a public thoroughfare to be opened in September.

After disappointment through rain, the All-England Lawn-Tennis Association managed to bring their preliminary competition for the single championship to an end on July 14. Then Ernest Renshaw beat E. W. Lewis by three sets to one, and met the holder, H. F. Lawford, on July 16, when Mr. Lawford went down, after a very one-sided contest, before Mr. Renshaw, who thus succeeds to a position which his brother (Mr. W. Renshaw) held successfully against all comers. On Tuesday the “Doubles” and the Ladies’ Championship,

We announced in this Journal, on April 14, the lamented death of Mr. Walter Ingram, youngest son of the late Mr. Herbert Ingram, M.P. for Boston, the founder and proprietor of *The Illustrated London News*. It will be remembered that the news was received by telegram, from Aden, that Mr. Walter Ingram, while accompanying a party who went to hunt elephants near Berbera, on the African coast opposite Aden, was killed by a wounded elephant. Mr. Morrison, the Resident Agent of the British Government at Berbera, who has recently arrived in England, has kindly communicated to Mr. Ingram’s family an account of the removal of his body from the spot where it was buried, and of its reinterment in the Military Cemetery at Aden. This ceremony, which took place on June 25, at six in the evening, was attended by General Hogg, C.B., and all the Officers of Brigade in the Aden garrison who were off duty; the band of the 15th Regiment played “The Dead March in Saul,” and a salute was fired over the grave by a firing party of the same regiment. Mr. Walter Ingram, who held a commission in the Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry, had been associated with the army under the command of Lord Wolseley in the expedition to Khartoum, for which he received the medal, and was commended for his services in that campaign.



"BEFORE THE BEAK."—BY S. T. DADD.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS



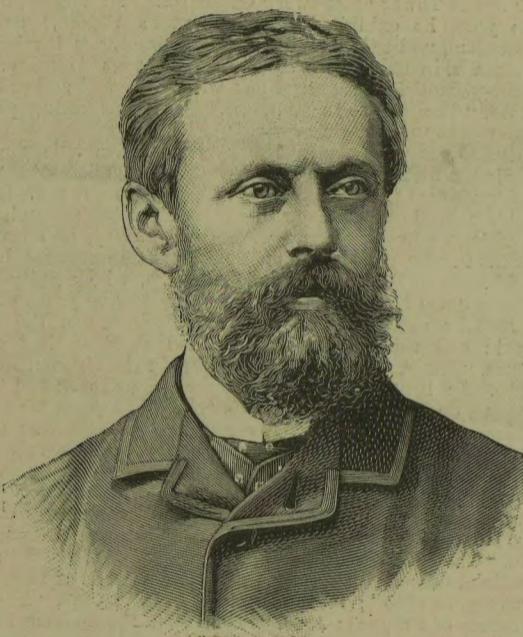
FLORENT WILLEMS.



J. F. PORTAELS,
DIRECTOR OF THE ACADEMY AT BRUSSELS.



H. DE BRAEKELEER.



ALFRED CLUYSENAAAR.



CHARLES VERLAT,
DIRECTOR OF THE ACADEMY AT ANTWERP.



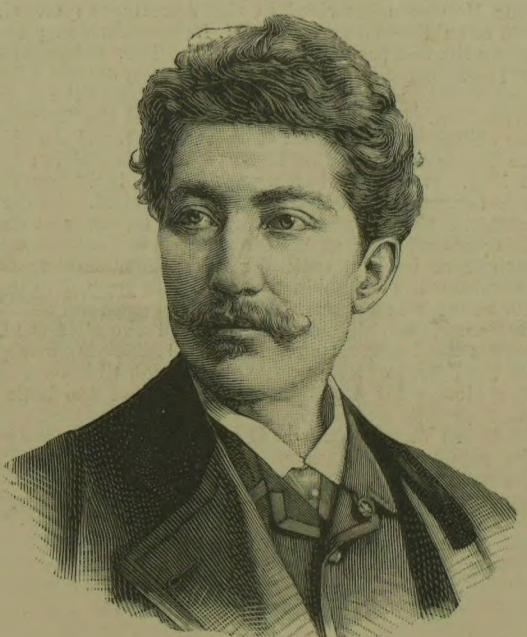
JAN VERHAS.



KARL OOMS.



P. J. CLAYS.



EMILE WAUTERS.



ALFRED VERWÉE.

SOME LIVING BELGIAN PAINTERS.

The opening of the Triennial Exhibition at Antwerp affords an opportunity for improving our acquaintance with one of the most brilliant schools in modern art. Whether the present chaos of ideas and rivalries means a new evolution or rapid decay is a question impossible to deal with here; we simply note the work of some of its more eminent living representatives, prefacing our notices by a few words on the history of modern Flemish art. The end of the last century found it at its lowest level. Louis David, the old *Conventionnel*, sought a refuge in Brussels at the restoration of the Bourbons, and became the centre of a new and upward movement in Art. Very great in portraiture, and almost unequalled as a painter of flesh, his style was entirely opposed to the old Flemish tradition. With the conquest of Belgian independence an art-movement began in a national direction. Rubens was studied, and patriotic subjects became all the vogue. Gustaf Wappers carried the standard, and was gallantly supported by L. Gallait, N. De Keyser, F. De Braekeleer, J. L. Dyckmans, E. De Biefve, E. Slingeneyer, and others. The last-named veteran has been for some time the representative of Art in the Belgian Chamber of Deputies. This great school, which in Wiertz attempted comparison with the giants of the Renaissance, ran its course, and made a new evolution, under Henri Leys. After 1848 realism succeeded to idealism. Historical painting still continued, but every effort was made to give it reality. Man himself, rather than events, was felt to be interesting. Alfred Stevens and C. De Groux, in two opposite fields, worked for the same ends and achieved the same kind of results. With these great painters ought to be named Hippolyte Boulenger, the landscapist. They were followed by a great number of painters of genius, some of whose careers we here notice. We regret the loss of so distinguished a name as that of Edouard Hamman, who recently passed away. But the utmost we can do here is to indicate how much there is to learn in tracing the evolutions in Belgian Art.

Jean Frederic Portaels is Director of the Academy at Brussels, and his services entitle him to universal respect. The great majority of the distinguished artists of the present generation in Belgium, and some even in France and Holland, have come out of the *atelier* which, in 1858, he opened freely, and without aid or support from the Government. Born at Vilvorde, in Brabant, in 1818, M. Portaels was the pupil of Navez and of Paul Delaroche. He obtained the Prix de Rome at Paris in 1842; and, after passing some years in Italy, travelled in the East, and in Morocco, Hungary, and a part of Europe. After his return from Rome, he was nominated Director of the Academy at Ghent. He exhibited there, in 1847, "The Shulammite"; at Brussels, in 1848, "Episode of the Simoom," "The Drought in Judea" (now in the Museum at Philadelphia); at Antwerp, in 1849, "Portrait of the Marquise de l'Aubépin," "Arrival of the Holy Family in Egypt," and "The Wise Men from the East." Among his earlier works may also be mentioned "Rebecca," "Ruth," and "Fatima the Gipsy." On his return to Brussels, he decorated a chapel of the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine with frescoes, now destroyed. At the Universal Exhibition at Paris, in 1855, his pictures were:—"Funeral Procession in the Desert of Suez" (Museum of Lyons), "Greek Woman Weaving," "Young Woman of the Neighbourhood of Trieste," "Young Jewess of Asia Minor," "Suicide of Judas," and "Story-teller in Cairo." Between that year and 1869 he exhibited at Ghent a picture entitled "The Intrigue," and in the last-mentioned year he painted "Box at the Pesth Theatre" (Museum of Brussels). At the Exhibition of Belgian Art, in 1880, his pictures were, "The Young Sorceress" and "The Daughter of Zion." M. Portaels has also painted some portraits, one of which was exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1880. His largest picture is entitled the "Two Calvaries," and is in the church of St. Jacques-sur-Coudenberg, at Brussels. On Aug. 25, 1883, a banquet was held to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of his free *atelier*.

Paul Jean Clays, born at Bruges in 1819, passed much time during his boyhood on the shore in the neighbourhood of Ostend. After making some voyages he went to Paris, and studied under Gudin, the marine-painter. He has been a constant exhibitor at the Salon. His four pictures at the Universal Exhibition at Paris in 1867 made him remarked. His works are chiefly coast or river scenes, with shipping. The Scheldt and the Thames have afforded him many subjects; of the Scheldt he has made not less than twenty important paintings. He has also painted many views of ports, harbours, and roadsteads. The National Gallery contains two of his works, "Dutch Ships in a Calm near Dordrecht" and "Dutch Ships Lying in the Roads near Flushing"; the Museum at Brussels has "The Roads near Ostend" (painted 1851), "A Calm on the Scheldt" (1863), "The Roadstead of Antwerp" (1869); the Museum of Antwerp contains his "Roadstead of Dordrecht"; the Museum of New York, "The Enfranchisement of the Scheldt at Antwerp"; the Museum at Liège, "View on the Scheldt"; the King of the Belgians owns "Arrival of Queen Victoria at Ostend" and "Squally Weather." In his long career M. Clays has painted quite 150 important subjects, nearly forty of which have gone to the United States, and between thirty and forty to other countries, chiefly England and France. He has painted the sea in many aspects, but he appears to prefer those in which harmony, peace, and sunshine prevail: tranquil scenes of Dutch canals or Flemish merchantmen slowly sailing along the Scheldt. At the same time, he loves the poetic, melancholy characteristic of river scenes. "Evening on the Thames," "Moonlight on the Thames," and the titles already given, suggest in a faint degree the work of this painter.

Charles Verlat is Director of the Academy of Art at Antwerp, in which post he succeeded the historical painter Nicaise De Keyser. This Academy, founded in 1663, has in recent times numbered several distinguished painters among its students—Alma Tadema, F. De Lamorinière, the Belgian landscape-painter Professor Pauwels of Dresden, Jan Verhas, Karl Ooms, and our countryman, W. Logsdail. Under its present Director it has received a new impetus; among other improvements an *atelier* for painting animals in the open air has been added. The arrangements are novel, and the result of practical experience. Already it is said to have remarkably facilitated the progress of the students. Michel Charles Verlat, born at Antwerp in 1824, commenced the study of painting very early; and after having been a pupil of De Keyser, became a student under the painter Gustaf Wappers. In 1851 he went to Paris, remaining there for the next twenty years. He then went to Saxe-Weimar, where he became Professor at the Kunstscole. Desiring to study the East, he spent three years at Jerusalem, being there at the same period as Holman Hunt. At Jerusalem he painted a series of pictures redolent with the spirit and atmosphere of the place. Among the principal may be mentioned "Barabbas preferred to Jesus," "The Tomb of Christ," "Vox Dei," and "The Flight into Egypt." M. Verlat is an artist of exceptional power. He has always taken a high position in historical and religious art; but, in addition, he paints landscapes, floral pieces, and portraits, and is, moreover,

a distinguished animalist. Under the first head may be mentioned "Godfrey De Bouillon at the Assault of Jerusalem" (painted for the Government, and now in the Museum at Brussels), a "Virgin and Child," a "Mater Dolorosa," "Christ Dead at the Foot of the Cross," "The Mother of the Messiah." His other principal works are "Flock of Sheep Attacked by an Eagle" (Museum at Brussels), "Buffalo Surprised by a Tiger" (belonging to the Amsterdam Geological Society), "The End of the Tail and the Tip of the Ear," two scenes entitled "Hope" and "Deception," "Wolf!" belonging to the King of the Belgians, ten scenes illustrating dog or monkey life, "Horses Pulling," "Lion Attacked by a Herd of Buffaloes," "The First Snow—Sheep returning to the Farm," "Succour in Time," figures and animals combined; "Boreas and Love," "Flora and Pomona," and "Homage to the Queen of Flowers." The Museum at Weimar contains three of his portraits:—The Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, Franz Liszt, and the painter Preller. M. Verlat has, moreover, made decorative works, is a clever aquafortist, and a powerful panoramic painter. His "Battle of Waterloo," after having interested the people of Antwerp, is now being exhibited in Spain.

Florent Willems was born at Liège in 1824, and commenced his art studies under his father, completing his education at the Academy in the picturesque city of Mechlin. He had an extraordinary genius for restoring the old masters, and was, in consequence, much valued by the picture-dealers. The British Ambassador at Brussels, Sir Hamilton Seymour, discovered the young painter, and, after obtaining for him the patronage of Leopold I., tried to induce his protégé to follow him to England. But M. Willems decided for Paris, as the atmosphere in which his gift for elegance would most quickly ripen. He sent to the Salon of 1844 "Fête of the Crossbowmen" and "Visit of the Nurse." His first conspicuous success was in 1853, when he exhibited "Sale of Pictures in 1660," now belonging to M. Ravené, of Berlin; "The Widow," and "The Painter in his Studio." "The Widow," now in the Gallery Van Praet, is considered the painter's *chef d'œuvre*. The following is a list of the more important of his pictures:—with the names of the collections of which they form or have formed a part:—"Interior of a Silk-Mercer's in 1660" (Napoleon III.), "Coquetry" (ex-Empress Eugénie), "The Duel" (Achille Fould, Paris), "I was there" (Arthur Schickler), "To the King" (De Morny), "Visit to the Accouchée" (De Boisgelin, Paris), "The Fop" (Delloye, Brussels), "Coquetry" (Vassal, Paris), "Fidelity" (Swartzenberg, Vienna), "The Toilet" (Mayer, Vienna), "The Lily" (De Saxe, Vienna), "Visit of Marie De Medicis to Rubens, at Antwerp, in 1632" (Coutereux, Brussels), "The King's Mistress" (Sola, Milan), "Convalescence" (Perrot, Brussels), "Spring," "The Armorer" (Siltzer, London), "The Bravo" (Liedekerke, Brussels), "Maternal Instruction" (Reyntiens, Brussels), "The Shoemaker" (Waroquière), "The Marriage Ring" (Stewart, New York), "The Messenger" (Legrand, Paris), "Presentation of the Bridegroom" (De Cassin, Paris), "Toilet of the Bride" (T. Stewart, New York), "Music-Party" (King of the Belgians).

Jan Verhas belongs to a family of painters. Born at Termunde, in 1834, his artistic education, commenced by his father, Emmanuel Verhas, was completed under De Keyser, at the Academy of Antwerp. As Alfred Stevens seems to have done for the woman of society, in our day, what Leonardo did for his, in like manner Jan Verhas and his brother Franz have painted for all time the elegant children of our European capitals. Such painters are the most profound, as well as the most reliable, of chroniclers. The following is a list of the principal works M. Verhas has exhibited. At Antwerp, 1861, "Velleda"; at Brussels, 1862, "The Battle of Cullovo." (This picture shows that the painter was, so far, following the historical school, which had so powerful an influence on Belgian art; a gap of several years intimates that he was feeling his way; and the titles of his pictures exhibited at Antwerp in 1870—"It is the Cat" and "After the Visit"—that he had found his genius was designed for a totally different field.) At Brussels, 1872, his picture was called "How One Becomes a Painter"; at Ghent, 1874, "Hide and Seek" (Cabinet of the King of the Belgians); at London, 1874, "The Inundation"; at Paris, 1875, "The Broken Pot," and "Choose!"—a child making up its mind between a carnation and a white pink (Museum of Termonde); at Brussels, 1875, "May I Come in?" and "The Mother's Portrait"; at Ghent, 1877, "The Master Painter;" exhibited again in 1880 among the treasures of Belgian Art (Museum of Ghent). At the same exhibition appeared "The Review of the Schools"; which was exhibited again at Paris in 1881 (Museum of Brussels). At Amsterdam, in 1883, he exhibited "Heyst-sur-Mer"; at Antwerp, 1885, "Walk on the Shore" (Museum of Antwerp); at Berlin, 1886, "Stockade at Blankenburghe"; at Budapest, 1887, "Alone"—a girl wandering by the sea (Museum at Budapest); and at Munich, 1888, "On the Breakwater."

Alfred Cluysenaar, born at Brussels in 1837, the son of an architect, was a fellow-student of Bonnat, Lefèvre, J. P. Laurens, and Tony Robert-Fleury, under Léon Cogniet, in Paris, where he went after having been a pupil at the Academy of Brussels. His art-education was finished in Italy, where he passed several years, making his first appearance at the Paris Salon in 1867, with a vigorous picture representing the Four Horsemen described in the Apocalypse (Rev. vi.). In 1868 he exhibited a portrait of M. De Groot, which placed him among the best portrait-painters of the time. Between 1874 and 1881 he executed in fresco, for the University of Ghent, five great compositions, representing the various stages of the progress of civilisation. One, "The Renaissance and the Reformation," was exhibited at the Salon at Paris in 1875, and the Sketch at the Historical Exhibition of Fifty Years of Belgian Art, held in 1880. It contained thirty-five figures, including the most notable personages of the epoch represented. At the latter exhibition also appeared "Henry IV. of Germany at Canossa." This picture is now at the Museum of Brussels, as well as a portrait of his son, entitled "A Vocation," exhibited at the Exposition Universelle in 1878. Of late years, M. Cluysenaar has been more and more drawn into portraiture, painting the children of the Comte de Flanders, and several of the Belgian notabilities, political and scientific, besides his own portrait for the Uffizi at Florence. At the present time he is engaged on a picture for a chimneypiece in one of the halls of the Hôtel-de-Ville at Brussels.

Alfred Verwée, born at Brussels in 1838, is, as several of the painters in the present series, the son of an artist, Louis Pierre Verwée, from whom he received his education. When his career began, the second great change in the direction of Belgian art was in progress. Under the influence of its ideas, and by means of the conscientious and persistent study of Nature, and Nature alone, his distinguished genius as an animal-painter was developed. In 1863 he exhibited at Brussels, "Animals in the Meadows"; at Paris, in 1864, "Team of Oxen in a Farmyard"—winter effect (Museum of Courtrai); at Brussels, in 1868, "Harvest in Flanders"; at the Universal Exhibition, Paris, 1878, "Flemish Stallion," "Banks of the Scheldt," and "The Orchard"; at the Historical Exhibition of Belgian Art, 1880, the "Stallion" and the "Scheldt" reappeared, together with "Mouth of the Scheldt,"

"Meuse at Dordrecht," and "Zeeland Team"; at Paris, 1881, "Guild of St. Sebastian: Confraternity of Archers, West Flanders"; at Paris, 1882, "Corner of a Meadow in Flanders"; and again, 1883, "The Thistle" (Museum of Namur); at Brussels, 1884, "The Beautiful Land of Flanders" (Museum of Brussels); at Paris, 1884, "A Field of Eupatory" (Gallery Michiels, Tirlmont); and, in the same year, he painted "Combat of Young Bulls" (now belonging to the city of Ghent); at Paris and Brussels, 1887, "The Dyke"; at the Salon des Artistes Français, 1887, "Bull and Ox Playing"; at Vienna, 1888, "The Equinox" (Museum of Brussels).

Henri De Braekeleer is the son of Ferdinand De Braekeleer, one of the leaders in the first great movement in modern Belgian art, and nephew and pupil of Henri Leys, the celebrated leader of the second movement. As his brother-in-law and the earlier school, Leys devoted himself to the illustration of national history, but he sought a more perfect realism by taking his models from such offshoots of the shattered old Flemish trunk as still flourished near its roots among the poor of Antwerp. In the direction thus opened up by his uncle and master, Henri De Braekeleer persevered, but even more thoroughly, pursuing it for its own sake. With a concentrated enthusiasm, and a rare perfectness in art, he has devoted all the energies of his being to express the soul of old Antwerp. The dreamland of a grass-grown street; the tranquillity of the house-tops bathed in light with an horizon of small spires, turrets, and pinnacles; the decay of an old court invaded by the wall-pellitory; the sombre dreariness of an artisan home; the silent interior of a damp church—these scenes, with the human figures who share the decay, are the subjects of which M. De Braekeleer has been the sympathetic interpreter. Born at Antwerp in 1840, he was only eighteen years of age when he exhibited at Brussels, in 1858, "The Washer" and "The Haymaker." At Ghent, in 1859, he exhibited "The Tailor"; at Antwerp, in 1860, "The Bleaching-Ground" and "The Coppersmith"; at Brussels, in 1861, "The Match-Maker," "Interior of a Tailor's Shop," "A Pottery," also a series of pictures for Gambard of London, and Courtieroux of Brussels; at Ghent, in 1862, "A Shoemaker"; at Antwerp, in 1864, "A Flower-Garden"; at Brussels, in 1866, "Interior of a Church"; at Antwerp, in 1867, "Flemish Interior"; at Brussels, in 1869, "Woman Spinning" (the Museum of Brussels); at Antwerp, in 1872, "The Reader"; at Brussels, in 1872, "The Geographer" (the Museum of Brussels), "View of Antwerp" (the King of the Belgians), and "The Lesson." In 1875 he painted "The Pilot-House at Antwerp" (the Museum of Antwerp); in 1875, at the Universal Exhibition at Paris, appeared "The Carillon, a view of the Tower of Antwerp Cathedral." At Vienna, in the same year, he exhibited "The Painter's Studio," and, at Amsterdam, "The Grinder" and "Grandmother's Birthday"; at Brussels, in 1887, "The Rue du Serment at Antwerp," "A Copper-plate Printer," and "The Sailor's Return," and at Paris, in 1888, "The Man at the Window." This interesting painter is, we regret to hear, very seriously ill.

Karl Ooms was born in 1840 at Dessel, a village of the Campine, a district in north-east Belgium. The Governor of the Province of Antwerp being on a visit in 1857 in the neighbourhood of Dessel saw some of the boy's drawings at the village school. Struck with their ability, and learning that his family were small cultivators, he introduced him to the Director of the Academy at Antwerp, who admitted him to the course of instruction, though only twelve years of age. In 1865 he obtained the prize of excellence in the upper school; and the same year exhibited at Brussels his first picture, "Mother of the Gracchi," now in the Belgian Senate-House. In 1870 he obtained the second prize at the Grand Concours de Rome. M. Ooms has evidently caught the mantle of his master, De Keyser, and maintains the tradition of the great historical school of 1830-60. The following is a list of his principal works:—1871, "Flemish Pirates Returning with their Booty"; 1872, "A Wedding Interrupted during the Spanish Fury at Antwerp"; 1875, "Philip II. of Spain Rendering the Last Honours to Don John of Austria" (Museum of Antwerp); 1876, "The Prohibited Reading" (Museum of Brussels); 1878, "Judicial Search in the Printing Establishment of Plantin, at Antwerp, in 1562"; 1880, "Duke of Alva"; 1882, "A Gipsy" (Museum of Prague); 1886, "Scene from the Spanish Fury in 1576." At the present time, he is finishing a large and masterly picture for the Palais de Justice at Antwerp, entitled "Innocence Protected by the Law." M. Ooms has also painted several large portraits.

Emile Wauters, born at Brussels in 1848, has been one of the most successful of the painters who have come out of the famous *atelier* of Portaels. Thence he went to study under Gérôme in Paris, and in 1868, he was sent to Italy and Germany to complete his art-education. His first important works were: "Principal Nave of St. Mark's," 1868, bought by the King of the Belgians; and "Edith finding the Body of Harold," 1869 (Collection Löwenstein). Invited by the Khedive to attend the opening of the Suez Canal, he was summoned back quickly by the fatal illness of his mother. In 1870, he exhibited "Mary of Burgundy Imploring the Forgiveness of her Councilors," "Hugonot and Imbercourt" (Museum of Liège): this picture was engraved, in 1872, in *The Illustrated London News*. In 1872 he exhibited, at the Paris Salon, "Madness of Hugo Van der Goes" (Brussels Museum). In 1873 he decorated the principal staircase of the Hôtel-de-Ville, at Brussels, with two works—"Mary of Burgundy Swearing to Respect the Communal Right, 1477," and "The Trade Corporations Demanding a Charter of John, Duke of Brabant." In 1876 he exhibited at the Salon a portrait of M. C. Somzee; and in 1879 he painted three important portraits. In 1880 he collected ninety of his works, and opened his studio to the public. In the same year he went to Egypt to make studies for his great panorama of Cairo and the banks of the Nile—a vast work, 380 ft. long and 49 ft. high. After being exhibited at Brussels, Vienna, and Munich, it is now at the Hague. In 1882 he painted another large work, "Sobieski and his Staff at Kahlenberg, near Vienna." While painting this picture he was appointed to a chair in the Brussels Academy. In 1883 he visited Spain and Morocco, and the results appeared in his "Morocco Fisherman," "The Great Mosque," and "The Serpent-Charmers of Sokko." After travelling for some time in Austria and Germany, he returned to Belgium, and sent to the Antwerp International Exhibition, in 1884, eight portraits and "Cairo from the Bridge of Kasr-el-Kil" (Antwerp Museum). The last-named picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy. This year, M. Wauters has held a second exhibition of his works, opened by the King of the Belgians. He has been commissioned by the Chamber of Deputies to decorate the staircase of the Palace of the Beaux Arts and to paint portraits of the King and Queen. A portrait by M. Wauters was also exhibited, this year, at the Royal Academy, about which a pleasant anecdote appeared in the newspapers, Mr. F. Holl, R.A., and M. Wauters being mutually disposed to give the palm to each other's work.

R. H.

Sir Frederick Leighton and the council of the Royal Academy held the society's usual annual reception at Burlington House, Piccadilly, on July 11.

THE REVOLUTION HOUSE.

East Derbyshire, for the most part a region of iron and coal, is, perhaps, not the most interesting corner of the county that is noted for the loveliness of its scenery; still, it is not without picturesque haunts, and is exceedingly rich in houses that remind one of Schiller's saying "What is grey with age becomes religion." It has within its borders the fine old Castle of Bolsover, with its associations of kingly revelry and the poetry of Ben Jonson's time; the stately Elizabethan mansion Hardwick Hall, with its treasures of tapestry, and memories of Bess of Hardwick, who feared no man, yet fell a prey to a gipsy's prophecy; the whimsically crooked steeple of Chesterfield church, inseparable from traditions, flesh-creeping and Satanic; and the Revolution House. The latter is the smallest, and at the same time, the most important relic of the past that East Derbyshire possesses. Just now its name is on many people's lips. Scarcely a day passes without some stranger's peering through the old-fashioned windows of the cottage as if he almost expected to see the conspirators sitting at the table, as they did two hundred years ago, plotting the overthrow of King James II.; or, at all events, wondering how a deliberation so momentous could have taken place in a habitation so little.

The tiny stone cottage, softened and mellowed by Time's touch, stands in the village of Old Whittington, on the road that was formerly used by the coaches plying from London to the North. It has a weather-worn door, and somewhat dilapidated diamond panes half hidden by foliage, and a thatched roof that had gone green and grey and brown with years—so musty, in fact, that the old thatch has just been replaced with new. In 1688, the house was an inviting country inn, having the swinging sign of "The Cock and Pynot," and retailing the Derbyshire ale, about the quality of which Izaak Walton was apt to become enthusiastic. The tavern, at that time, had not only a kitchen, house-place, and parlour—that subsequently received the name of "The plotting-parlour"—but a brewhouse and stables. It gave accommodation, as the old signboards have it, to "man and beast," and was a cosy, homely house of call to all the country-side, as well as to the pack-horse travellers of the Peak, and the merchants who went farther afield to buy and sell.

Of the visit to it by the fourth Earl of Devonshire, the Earl of Danby, and John D'Arcy, two centuries back, there is



THE REVOLUTION HOUSE, WHITTINGTON, NEAR CHESTERFIELD.

proof in a manuscript that has recently been printed in Derbyshire. The Earl of Danby, afterwards the Duke of Leeds, has left it on record that he was one of the plotters, for in the introduction to his letters, in 1710, he says:—"The Duke of Devonshire also, when we were partners in the Secret Trust about the Revolution, and who did meet me and Mr. John D'Arcy for that purpose at a town called Whittington, in Derbyshire, did, in the presence of the said Mr. D'Arcy, make a voluntary acknowledgment of the great mistakes he had been led into about me." It is difficult in these days of religious toleration to realise how perilous was the task these noblemen set themselves. Nevertheless, there was not much rust on the headsman's axe; and one is sharply reminded of the danger they ran by a letter recently received by the present writer from Lord Hartington's secretary, who writes:—"At Lord Hartington's request I have examined letters of the year 1688, but find none bearing on the politics of the time. In one or two letters allusion is made to the impossibility of safely writing on such subjects, which is the reason, I suppose, that no letters are in the collection." These words cast, as it were, a bridge over time. They take one in imagination to the country inn, to the wainscotted plotting-parlour, with its oak table and high-backed chairs; to the muscular, lithe forms of the English aristocrats, as with grave, serious faces, bent heads, and in whispered conference, they evolved the project that might plunge England into Civil War.

There are all sorts of traditions about the meeting. It is said that the Lord of Chatsworth and his trusty friends had arranged to meet on the wild stretch of moorland between Chesterfield and Lees Fen, but were driven to shelter in the tavern by a storm. It is also asserted—and this tradition is firmly believed in the locality—that the Earl rode from Chatsworth to follow the hounds, and broke away from the hunt with his co-plotters to divert suspicion. Anyhow, no one outside their own group had any idea of the gravity of their errand as they rode up to the inn door, and strode into the quaint parlour. What was really said when the tankards of home-brewed had been brought in, and the door barred, and D'Arcy placed sentinel against eavesdroppers, will never be known; but the success of the plan is conspicuous in English history. It was undoubtedly in this way-side inn that the conspirators resolved to give the country a Protestant King; and the means decided upon to carry out the daring project are disclosed in a further reference of Danby's to the Earl of Devonshire. "And he came," writes Danby, "to Sir Henry Goodrick's house in Yorkshire, purposely to meet me there, in order to concert the times and methods by which he should act at Nottingham, which was to be his post, and I at York, which was to be mine; and we agreed that I should first attempt to surprise York, because there was a small garrison with a Governor there; whereas Nottingham was but an open town, and might give an alarm to York, if he should

appear in arms before I had made my attempt upon York—which was done accordingly, but is mistaken in divers relations of it." Every schoolboy knows what followed. The country simmered with excitement. The Protestants shouted "Down with the Pope!" The Roman Catholics cried "God save the King!" Thackeray hits off the situation vividly in his story of "Henry Esmond," where my Lord Castlewood, getting angry at the jeering crowd in the country town on the market day, threatens to send his rapier through "a psalm-singing cobbler for abusing the King's religion." And, in the midst of it all, Danby rode into York; Cavendish, backed by his neighbours and the Peak miners, appeared in Derby market-place, and pushed on to Nottingham; Norfolk, with his retinue of gentlemen, was ready for emergency at Norwich; Lovelace, notwithstanding the varsity motto, had a grand welcome from the gownsmen at Oxford; and William of Orange, marching unimpeded on Salisbury from his landing-place at Torbay, learnt that King James, discomfited, and deserted by his own children, had fled from his disordered army—that the Revolution was complete without bloodshed, and the crown of England practically in his own grasp.

It is not necessary here to enumerate the many benefits of that Revolution, except, perhaps, to say that they range from religious liberty to the freedom of the press. But it is interesting, now we have reached the bicentenary year of the event, to note what reminders remain to us of it. So long as Chatsworth House stands by the Derwent-side, in the green glory of the park, on the fringe of the Peak moorland, England will never be without one memory of the Revolution; for this home of the Cavendishes, so rich in art and literature, was built by the fourth Earl, and first Duke of Devonshire, and a tablet in the hall tells you that it was commenced in the year of English freedom, 1688. Still, the interest of the people concentrates rather in the cottage than the mansion. In 1788, there were great rejoicings at this rustic Revolution House. A procession of nobility, gentry, and yeomen went to the cottage, and viewed the historic "plotting-parlour," and the treasured chair, now at Hardwick Hall, in which Cavendish sat on the memorable day when it was determined to push King James from the throne. There were music and dancing and singing, and brave old toasts, both at Whittington and Chesterfield; and through the latter town, on a chair, was carried Cornelius Crich, a local centenarian, who was born just before the

Revolution. This year, too, there is to be great festivity; but amid the rejoicing—the bi-centenary carnival—one thing should be remembered: that it would be grievous to put up some new-fangled monument to the Revolution on the site of this notable house. Whittington is not, as many imagine, the birthplace of Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London; but it is the birthplace of the Revolution:—

At Whittington, near Chesterfield,
That was the very place, Sir,
Where the first plot was laid, I'm told,
To pull the tyrant down, Sir.

And Whittington thinks a great deal about the old house in which the plot was laid. The habitation, which long belonged to the Cavendish family, has passed out of the hands of the Duke of Devonshire, having been purchased by Mr. Mansfeldt Mills, of Tapton; but his Grace reserves the right, in the event of the cottage being demolished, to erect a suitable memorial in its place. Nevertheless, no stilted figure of Liberty, no obelisk, no modern monument, would be prized so much as the cottage itself. The dwelling, which is now un-

tenanted, has been patched time after time, and its owner very properly feels that it should not be disturbed so long as one stone will stand upon another. Nay, even when it totters and collapses, it is suggested that the cottage should be rebuilt in the same shape, with some, at least, of the old stones; but the earnest desire of all who love their country, and take an interest in its struggles, must be that the Revolution House will survive the weather's freaks for years to come, standing venerable with age, one of the humblest, and yet one of the most noted, of English houses that have played an important part in the nation's history, and become indelibly touched with the romance and the energy of the past.

Mr. Charles Stretton, who has been for many years Deputy-Chief Constable, has been appointed Chief Constable of Cambridgeshire, in place of Major Calvert, deceased.

At a meeting of the London School-Board on July 12, Mr. Gover called upon Mr. Helby to substantiate a statement he made at a dinner, to the effect that things were as bad at that Board, or worse, than at the Metropolitan Board of Works. Mr. Helby demurred to Mr. Gover's right to interrogate him, but said at the proper time he should be prepared to take the course which the circumstances demanded. The Board appointed a Special Committee to consider any allegations of corruption affecting any members or officers of the Board.

Judge Eddis has given an important decision at the Clerkenwell County Court. Sydney Simmons, aged seven years, suing by his father, has obtained a judgment for £50 and costs against Mr. John Molloy for injuries and expenses occasioned by the bite of a dog belonging to defendant's stableman, which defendant harboured on his premises. In deciding the case, the Judge said it was not necessary to prove the ownership of the dog. If a man harboured a dog about his premises, and the animal injured anybody, he was responsible. The animal in question was the property of defendant's stableman, but defendant allowed it to be on his premises. It was not necessary to prove that the dog had actually bitten anyone previously for the maintenance of an action. It was enough that its vicious propensities had been brought to the knowledge of the defendant.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.
JULY 21, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, Two-pence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, One Penny. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, Three-pence; THIN EDITION, One Penny. To India, and Java, THICK EDITION, Four-pence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, Three-halfpence.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Four Vocal Duets for Soprano and Tenor." By F. H. Cowen. These pieces (just published by Mr. Joseph Williams) should be widely welcomed in drawing-room circles. They are very graceful productions, in which flowing melody is associated with rich harmonic treatment in the accompaniment, that, without obscuring the voice parts, affords a good support thereto, and contrasts admirably therewith. No. 1, "Edenland" (a setting of lines by the author of "John Halifax"), displays the two voices very effectively, both singly and in association. In No. 2, "The Boy and the Brook," the text is by Longfellow. The music opens with solo phrases for the tenor, somewhat in the style of a Volkslied; the soprano replying, with a light and fanciful accompaniment; the voices being alternated, and then, towards the close, associated with good effect. "On her lover's arm" (No. 3) is to words by Lord Tennyson. A prevalence of arpeggio passages in the accompaniment contrasts very effectively with the sostenuto of the voices. The last duet of the series, "The fountains mingle with the river," is associated with lines by Shelley. The pervading feature of triplets in the accompaniment (which is in nine-eight time) gives a good effect of the rippling of water, and sets off well the flowing nature of the melody assigned to the two voices, which are heard almost entirely in association in this piece.

Messrs. Boosey and Co. have issued a new edition of Wallace's most popular work, "Maritana," as one of the volumes of their series of operas entitled "The Royal Edition." The work is brought out in the same handy form as previous issues of the same series, and also at a moderate cost. The editing has been carefully done by Mr. M. B. Foster.

"The Bells o' Dee" and "Golden Dreams" are two songs, the words of which are by that prolific and successful writer of verse for musical purposes, Mr. Edward Oxenford, whose lines are pleasant in their suggestiveness, and lend themselves readily to the composer's art. The first-named song has been tunefully set by A. Briscoe, whose music lies well for any voice of moderate compass. The other song, by A. Bishop, is also melodious, and has a good contrast between the expressive opening "Andante" and the intermediate "Allegretto Grazioso." Messrs. Duff and Stewart are the publishers of both songs.

THE SANITARY INSTITUTE.

The twelfth annual meeting of the members of this institute was held on July 12 in the lecture-hall of the Royal Institution, Albemarle-street, and was well attended. Mr. E. Chadwick, C.B., occupied the chair. He said by means of sanitary work the death-rate in the metropolis had been brought down to 14 in the thousand, while in other places where there had been no such work it remained at its old high rate. In Paris it was 27, and in St. Petersburg 40, in the thousand. The medals and special certificates and certificates of merit awarded to exhibitors at the Exhibition of Sanitary Appliances in Bolton in 1887 were then distributed; after which Mr. B. W. Richardson, M.D., read a paper on "Storage of Life as a Sanitary Study." After referring to instances of long life in lower animals and in man, he said these animals and these persons, by some peculiar process as yet but little investigated, held life as a long possession, and to this faculty he applied the term "storage of life." The conditions which favoured such storage he held to be (1) hereditary qualification, (2) the virtue of continency, (3) maintenance of balance of bodily functions, (4) perfect temperance, (5) purity from implanted or acquired diseases. On the motion of the chairman, seconded by Major Flower, a vote of thanks was given to Dr. Richardson for his paper, and on the motion of Mr. Field, a vote of thanks was also given to Mr. Chadwick for presiding.

METROPOLITAN WATER SUPPLY.

Dr. Frankland reports to the Registrar-General the results of the chemical analyses of the waters supplied to the inner, and portions of the outer, circle of the metropolis during the month of June. Taking the average amount of organic impurity contained in a given volume of the Kent Company's water during the nine years ending December, 1876, as unity, he finds that the proportional amount contained in an equal volume of water supplied by each of the metropolitan water companies and by the Tottenham Local Board of Health was:—Kent, 0·6; New River, 1·2; Tottenham, 1·3; Grand Junction, 1·4; Southwark, 1·7; West Middlesex, 1·8; Chelsea, 1·8; Lambeth, 2·0; Colne Valley, 2·2; East London, 2·4. The Thames water sent out by the Chelsea, West Middlesex, Southwark, Grand Junction, and Lambeth companies again exhibited a further reduction in the proportion of contained organic matter, which was unusually small in all the samples examined. All the samples were clear and bright. Of the water principally drawn from the Lea, that distributed by the New River Company contained less, and that by the East London Company slightly more, organic matter than the Thames supplies. Both samples were clear and bright. The deep-well water pumped by the Kent Company and by the Tottenham Local Board of Health contained, as usual, only a very small proportion of organic matter; while in the sample of the Colne Valley Company's supply the organic matter was distinctly in excess of the average for this water. The Colne Valley Company's water was softened, as usual, before delivery. Seen through a stratum of 2 ft. deep, the waters presented the following appearances: Kent and Tottenham, clear and colourless; Colne Valley and New River, clear and nearly colourless; Chelsea, West Middlesex, Southwark, Grand Junction, Lambeth, and East London, clear and very pale yellow.

A meeting of the Scotch Episcopal Diocese of Glasgow and Galloway was held in St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow, on July 12, to elect a Bishop in the room of the late Bishop Wilson. The Rev. Canon Harrison, Vicar of Bury St. Edmunds, and Bishop Sandford, of Tasmania, were nominated. The former had a majority in the lay and clerical chambers. The minority acquiesced, and Canon Harrison was elected.

On July 11 the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, attended by the Sheriffs, visited the People's Palace in State, in order to open the Cooperage Exhibition, which has been organised by the Cooper's Company, in conjunction with the trustees of the palace. The Lord Mayor, in acknowledging an address presented to him, said that the exhibition had found an appropriate location at the People's Palace, which was so peculiarly devoted to the interests of the working classes. The company, in promoting the exhibition, would have done something to encourage the best qualities, and he was sure that the working people would be grateful for their interest. The master then presented to the Lord Mayor, as a memorial of his visit, a miniature cask, bound in silver, the work of Mr. Charvet, a foreman cooper. The exhibition contains casks of every size and shape, from the 500-gallon bouge vat down to the model in the glass case. All kinds of cooper's work are represented: and the entries, especially in the workmen's classes, have been very numerous. About £200 altogether is given in prizes.—In the evening, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress entertained a large and distinguished company at the Mansion House, in celebration of the coronation of her Majesty the Queen.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE RUNAWAY.



HATH heard, and old people still remember, how one Act after the other was passed for the suppression of the Nonconformists, whom the Church of England tried to extirpate, but could not. Had these laws been truly carried into effect, there would have been great suffering among the Dissenters; but, in order to enforce them, every man's hand would have been turned against his neighbour, and this—thank God!—is not possible in Somerset. For example, the Act of Uniformity provided not only for the ejection of the Nonconforming ministers (which was duly carried out), but also enacted that none of them should take scholars without the license of the Bishop. Yet many of the ejected ministers maintained themselves in this way, openly, without the Bishop's license. They were not molested, though they might be threatened by some hot Episcopalian; nor were the Bishops anxious to set the country afire by attempting to enforce this law. One must not take from an honest neighbour, whatever an unjust law may command, his only way of living.

Again, the Act passed two years later punished all persons with fine and imprisonment who attended conventicles. Yet the conventicles continued to be held over the whole country, because it was impossible for the Justices to fine and imprison men with whom they sat at dinner every market-day, with whom they took their punch and tobacco, and whom they knew to be honest and God-fearing folk. Again, how could they fine and imprison their own flesh and blood? Why, in every family there were some who loved the meeting-house better than the steeple-house. Laws have little power when they are against the conscience of the people.

Thirdly, there was an Act prohibiting ministers from residing within five miles of the village or town where they had preached. This was a most cruel and barbarous Act, because it sent the poor ministers away from the help of their friends. Yet how was it regarded? My father, for his part, continued to live at Bradford Orcas without let or hindrance, and so, no doubt, did many more.

Again, another Act was passed giving authority to Justices of the Peace to break open doors and to take in custody persons found assembling for worship. I have heard of disturbances at Taunton, where the Magistrates carried things with a high hand; but I think the people who met to worship after their own fashion were little disturbed. Among the Churchmen were some, no doubt, who remembered the snubs and rubs they had themselves experienced, and the memory may have made them revengeful. All the persecution, it is certain, was not on the side of the Church. There was, for instance, the case of Dr. Walter Raleigh, Dean of Wells, who was clapped into a noisome prison where the plague had broken out. He did not die of that disease, but was done to death in the jail, barbarously, by one David Barrett, shoemaker, who was never punished for the murder, but was afterwards made Constable of the City. There was also the case of the Rev. Dr. Piers, whom I have myself seen, for he lived to a good old age. He was a Prebendary of Wells, and, being driven forth, was compelled to turn farmer, and to work with his own hands—digging, hoeing, ploughing, reaping, and threshing—when he should have been in his study. Every week this reverend and learned Doctor of Divinity was to be seen at Ilminster Market, standing beside the pillars with his cart, among the farmers and their wives, selling his apples, cheese, and cabbages.

I say that no doubt many remembered these things. Yet the affection of the people went forth to the Nonconformists and the ejected ministers, as was afterwards but too well proved. I have been speaking of things which happened before my recollection. It was in the year 1665, four years after the Ejection, that I was born. My father would have named me Grace Abounding, but my mother called me Alice, after her own name. I was thus six years younger than my brother Barnaby, and two years younger than Robin and Humphrey.

The first thing that I can recollect is a kind of picture, preserved, so to speak, in my head. At the open door is a woman spinning at the wheel. She is a woman with a pale, grave face; she works diligently, and for the most part in silence; if she speaks, it is to encourage or to admonish a little girl who plays in the garden outside. Her lips move as she works, because she communes with her thoughts all day long. From time to time she turns her head and looks with anxiety into the other room, where sits her husband at his table.

Before him stand three boys. They are Barnaby, Robin, and Humphrey. They are learning Latin. The room is piled with books on shelves and books on the floor. In the corner is a pallet, which is the master's bed by night. I hear the voices of the boys who repeat their lessons, and the admonishing of their master. I can see through the open door the boys themselves. One, a stout and broad lad, is my brother Barnaby: he hangs his head and forgets his lesson, and causes his father to punish him every day. He receives admonition with patience; yet profiteth nothing. The next is Humphrey; he is already a lad of grave and modest carriage, who loves his book and learns diligently. The third is Robin, whose parts are good, were his application equal to his intelligence. He is impatient, and longs for the time when he may close his book and go to play again.

Poor Barnaby! at the sight of a Latin Grammar he would feel sick. He would willingly have taken a flogging every day—to be sure, that generally happened to him—in order to escape his lessons and be off to the fields and woods.

It was the sight of his rueful face—yet never sad except at lessons—which made my mother sigh when she saw him dull but patient over his book. Had he stayed at home I know not what could have been done with him, seeing that to become a Preacher of the Gospel was beyond even the power

of prayer (the Lord having clearly expressed His will in this matter). He would have had to clasp a leathern apron, and become a wheelwright or blacksmith; nothing better than an honest trade was possible for him.

But (whether happily or not) a strange whim seized the boy when he was fourteen years of age. He would go to sea. How he came to think of the sea I know not; he had never seen the sea; there were no sailors in the village; there was no talk of the sea. Perhaps Humphrey, who read many books, told him of the great doings of our sailors on the Spanish Main and elsewhere. Perhaps some of the clothiers' men, who are a roving and unsettled crew, had been sailors—some, I know, had been soldiers under Oliver. However, this matters not, Barnaby must needs become a sailor.

When first he broke this resolution, which he did secretly, to my mother, she began to weep and lament, because everybody knows how dreadful is the life of a sailor, and how full of dangers. She begged him to put the thought out of his head, and to apply himself again to his books.

"Mother," he said, "it is no use. What comes in at one ear goes out at the other. Nothing sticks: I shall never be a scholar."

"Then, my son, learn an honest trade."

"What? Become the village cobbler—or the blacksmith? Go hat in hand to his Honour, when my father should have been a Bishop, and my mother is a gentlewoman? That will I not. I will go and be a sailor. All sailors are gentlemen. I shall rise and become first mate, and then second captain, and lastly, captain in command. Who knows? I may go and fight the Spaniard, if I am lucky."

"Oh, my son, canst thou not stay at home and go to church, and consider the condition of thine immortal soul? Of sailors it is well known that their language is made up of profane oaths, and that they are all profligates and drunkards. Consider, my son—"my mother laid her hand upon his arm—"what were heaven to me, if I have not my dear children with me as well as my husband? How could I praise the Lord if I were thinking of my son who was not with me, but—ah! Heaven forbid the thought!"

Barnaby made no reply. What could he say in answer to my mother's tears? Yet I think she must have understood very well that her son, having got this resolution into his head, would never give it up.

"Oh!" she said, "when thou wast a little baby in my arms, Barnaby—who art now so big and strong"—she looked at him with the wonder and admiration that women feel when their sons grow big and stout—"I prayed that God would accept thee as an offering for His service. Thou art vowed unto the Lord, my son, as much as Samuel. Do you think he complained of his lessons? What would have happened, think you, to Samuel if he had taken off his ephod and declared that he would serve no longer at the altar, but must take spear and shield, and go to fight the Amalekites?"

Said Barnaby, in reply, speaking from an unregenerate heart, "Mother, had I been Samuel, to wear an ephod and to learn the Latin syntax every day, I should have done that. Ay! I would have done it, even if I knew that at the first skirmish an arrow would pierce my heart."

It was after a great flogging, on account of the passive voice or some wrestling with the syntax, that Barnaby plucked up courage to tell his father what he wished to do.

"With my consent," said my father, sternly, "thou shalt never become a sailor. As soon would I send thee to become a buffoon in a playhouse. Never dare to speak of it again."

Barnaby hung his head and said nothing.

Then my mother, who knew his obstinate disposition, took him to Sir Christopher, who chid him roundly, telling him that there was work for him on land, else he would have been born beside the coast, where the lads take naturally to the sea: that being, as he was, only an ignorant boy, and landborn, he could not know the dangers which he would encounter: that some ships are cast away on desert islands, where the survivors remain in misery until they die, and some on lands where savages devour them; and some are dragged down by calamities and other dreadful monsters, and some are burned at sea, their crews having to choose miserably between burning and drowning, and some are taken by the enemy, and the sailors clapped into dungeons and tortured by the Accursed Inquisition.

Many more things did Sir Christopher set forth, showing the miserable life and the wretched end of the sailor. But Barnaby never changed countenance, and though my mother bade him note this and mark that, and take heed unto his Honour's words, his face showed no melting. 'Twas always an obstinate lad; nay, it was his obstinacy alone which kept him from his learning. Otherwise, he might perhaps have become as great a scholar as Humphrey.

"Sir," he said, when Sir Christopher had no other word to say, "with submission, I would still choose to be a sailor, if I could."

In the end he obtained his wish. That is to say, since no one would help him towards it, he helped himself. And this, I think, is the only way in which men do ever get what they want.

It happened one evening that there passed through the village a man with a pipe and tabor, on which he played so movingly that all the people turned out to listen. For my own part I was with my mother, yet I ran to the garden-gate and leaned my head over, drawn by the sound of the music. Presently the boys and girls began to take hands together and to dance. I dare not say that to dance is sinful, because David danced. But it was so regarded by my father, so that when he passed by them, on his way home from taking the air, and actually saw his own son Barnaby in the middle of the dancers, footing it merrily with them all, joyfully leading one girl up and the other down at *John come and kiss me now*, he was seized with a mighty wrath, and, catching his son sharply by the ear, led him out of the throng and so home. For that evening Barnaby went supperless to bed, with the promise of such a flogging in the morning as would cause him to remember for the rest of his life the sinfulness of dancing. Never had I seen my father so angry. I trembled before his wrathful eyes. But Barnaby faced him with steady looks, making answer none, yet not showing the least repentance or fear. I thought it was because a flogging had no terrors for him. The event proved that I was wrong; that was not the reason, he had resolved to run away, and when we awoke in the morning he was gone. He had crept down-stairs in the night; he had taken half a loaf of bread and a great cantle of soft cheese, and had gone away. He had not gone for fear of the rod: he had run away with design to go to sea. Perhaps he had gone to Bristol; perhaps to Plymouth; perhaps to Lyme. My mother wept, and my father sighed; and for ten years more we neither saw nor heard anything of Barnaby, not even whether he was dead or living.

CHAPTER VI.

BENJAMIN, LORD CHANCELLOR.

Summer follows winter, and winter summer, in due course, turning children into young men and maidens, changing school into work, and play into love, and love into marriage, and so onwards to the churchyard, where we all presently lie, hopeful of Heaven's mercy, whether Mr. Boscorel did stand

beside our open grave in his white surplice, or my father in his black gown.

Barnaby was gone; the other three grew tall, and would still be talking of the lives before them. Girls do never look forward to the future with the eagerness and joy of boys. To the dullest boy it seems a fine thing to be master of his own actions, even if that liberty lead to whipping-post, pillory, or gallows. To boys of ambition and imagination the gifts of Fortune show like the splendid visions of a prophet. They think that earthly fame will satisfy the soul. Perhaps women see these glories and their true worth with clearer eye as not desiring them. And truly it seems a small thing, after a life spent in arduous toil, and with one foot already in the grave, to obtain fortune, rank, or title.

Benjamin and Humphrey were lads of ambition. To both, but in fields which lay far apart, the best life seemed to be that which is spent among men on the ant-hill where all are driving or being driven, loading each other with burdens intolerable, or with wealth or with honours, and then dying and being forgotten in a moment—which we call London. In the kindly country one stands apart and sees the vanity of human wishes. Yet the ambition of Humphrey, it must be confessed, was noble, because it was not for his own advancement, but for the good of mankind.

"I shall stay at home," said Robin. "You two may go if you please. Perhaps you will like the noise of London, where a man cannot hear himself speak, they say, for the roaring of the crowd, the ringing of the bells, and the rumbling of the carts. As for me, what is good enough for my grandfather will be surely good enough for me."

It should, indeed, be good enough for anybody to spend his days after the manner of Sir Christopher, administering justice for the villagers, with the weekly ordinary at Sherborne for company, the green fields and his garden for pleasure and for exercise, and the welfare of his soul for prayer. Robin, besides, loved to go forth with hawk and gun; to snare the wild creatures; to hunt the otter and the fox; to bait the badger, and trap the stoat and weasel; to course the hares. But cities and crowds, even if they should be shooting in his honour, did never draw him, even after he had seen them. Nor was he ever tempted to believe any manner of life more full of delight and more consistent with the end of man's creation than the rural life, the air of the fields, the following of the plough for the men, and the spinning-wheel for the women.

"I shall be a lawyer," said Benjamin, puffing out his cheeks and squaring his shoulders. "Very well, then, I say I shall be a great lawyer. What? None of your pettifogging tribe for me: I shall step to the front, and stay there. What? Someone must have the prizes and the promotion. There are always places falling vacant and honours to be given away: they shall be given to me. Why not to me as well as another?"

"Well," said Robin, "you are strong enough to take them, willy-nilly."

"I am strong enough," he replied, with conviction. "First, I shall be called to the Outer Bar, where I shall plead in stuff—I saw them at Exeter last 'Sizes. Next, I shall be summoned to become King's Counsel, when I shall flaunt it in silk. Who but I?" Then he seemed to grow actually three inches taller, so great is the power of imagination. He was already six feet in height, his shoulders broad, and his face red and fiery, so that now he looked very big and tall. "Then my Inn will make me a Bencher, and I shall sit at the high table in term-time. And the attorneys shall run after me and fight with each other for my services in Court, so that in every great case I shall be heard thundering before the jury, and making the witnesses perjure themselves with terror—for which they will be afterwards flogged. I shall belong to the King's party—none of your canting Whigs for me. When the high treason cases come on, I shall be the counsel for the Crown. That is the high road to advancement."

"This is very well, so far," said Robin, laughing. "Ben is too modest, however. He does not get on fast enough."

"All in good time," Ben replied. "I mean to get on as fast as anybody. But I shall follow the beaten road. First, favour with attorneys and those who have suits in the Courts; then the ear of the Judge. I know not how one gets the ear of the Judge"—he looked despondent for a moment, then he held up his head again—"but I shall find out. Others have found out—why not I? What? I am no fool, am I?"

"Certainly not, Ben. But as yet we stick at King's Counsel."

"After the ear of the Judge, the favour of the Crown. What do I care who is King? It is the King who hath pre-ferment and place and honours in his gift. Where these are given away, there shall I be found. Next am I made Serjeant-at-Law. Then I am saluted as 'Brother' by the Judges on the Bench, while all the others burst with envy. After that I shall myself be called to the Bench. I am already 'my Lord'—why do you laugh, Robin?—and a Knight: Sir Benjamin Boscorel—Sir Benjamin." Here he puffed out his cheeks again and swung his shoulders like a very great person indeed.

"Proceed, Sir Benjamin," said Humphrey, gravely, while Robin laughed.

"When I am a Judge I promise you I will rate the barristers and storm at the witnesses and admonish the jury until there shall be no other question in their minds but to find out first what is my will in the case, and then to govern themselves accordingly. I will be myself Judge and jury and all. Oh! I have seen the Judge at last Exeter 'Sizes. He made all to shake in their shooes. I shall not stop there. Chief Baron I shall be, perhaps—but on that point I have not yet made up my mind—and then Lord Chancellor." He paused to take breath, and looked around him, grandeur and authority upon his brow. "Lord Chancellor," he repeated, "on the woolsack!"

"You will then," said Robin, "be raised to the Peerage—first Lord Boscorel; or perhaps, if your Lordship will so honour this poor village, Lord Bradford Orcas!"

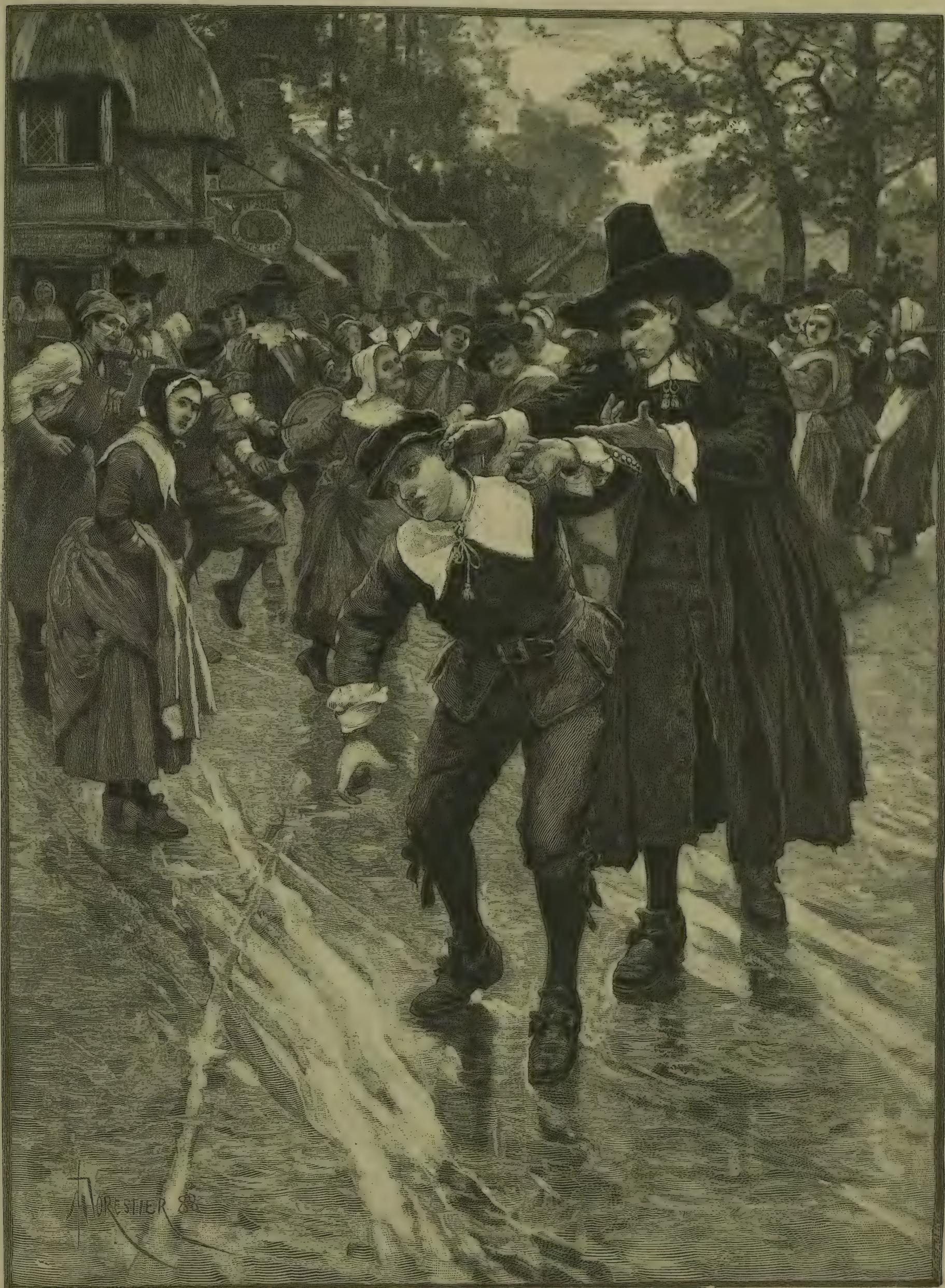
"Earl of Sherborne I have chosen for title," said Benjamin.

"And while I am climbing up the ladder, where wilt thou be, Humphrey? Grovelling in the mud with the poor devils who cannot rise?"

"Nay, I shall have a small ladder of my own, Ben. I find great comfort in the thought that when your Lordship is roaring and bawling with the gout—your noble toe being like a ball of fire and your illustrious foot swathed in flannel—I shall be called upon to drive away the pain, and you will honour me with the title not only of humble cousin, but also of rescuer and preserver. Will it not be honour enough to cure the Right Honourable the Earl of Sherborne (first of the name), the Lord Chancellor, of his gout and to restore him to the duties of his great office, so that once more he shall be the dread of evildoers and of all who have to appear before him? As yet, my Lord, your extremities, I perceive, are free from that disease—the result, too often, of that excess in wine which besets the great."

Here Robin laughed again, and so did Benjamin. Nobody could use finer language than Humphrey, if he pleased.

"A fine ambition!" said Ben. "To wear a black velvet coat and a great wig; to carry a gold-headed cane; all day



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

He was seized with a mighty wrath, and, catching his son sharply by the ear, led him out of the throng and so home.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

long to listen while the patient tells of his gripes and pains; to mix boluses and to compound nauseous draughts!"

"Well," Humphrey laughed, "if you are Lord Chancellor, Ben, you will, I hope, give us good laws, and so make the nation happy and prosperous. While you are doing this, I will be keeping you in health for the good of the country. I say that this is a fine ambition."

"And Robin, here, will sit in the great chair, and have the rogues haled before him, and order the Head-borough to bring out his cat-o'-nine-tails. In the winter evenings, he will play backgammon, and in the summer, bowls. Then a posset, and to bed. And never any change from year to year. A fine life, truly!"

"Truly, I think it is a very fine life," said Robin; "while you make the laws, I will take care that they are obeyed. What better service is there than to cause good laws to be obeyed? Make good laws, my Lord Chancellor, and be thankful that you will have faithful, law-abiding men to carry them out."

Thus they talked. Presently the time came when the lads must leave the village and go forth to prepare for such course as should be allotted to them, whether it led to greatness or to obscurity.

Benjamin went first, being sixteen years of age and a great fellow, as I have said, broad-shouldered and lusty, with a red face, a strong voice, and a loud laugh. In no respect did he resemble his father, who was delicate in manner and in speech. He was to be entered at Gray's Inn, where, under some counsel learned in the law, he was to read until such time as he should be called.

He came to bid me farewell, which at first, until he frightened me with the things he said, I took kindly of him.

"Child," he said, "I am going to London, and, I suppose, I shall not come back to this village for a long time. Nay, were it not for thee, I should not wish to come back at all."

"Why for me, Ben?"

"Because"—here his red face became redder, and he stammered a little; but not much, for he was ever a lad of confidence—"because, child, thou art not yet turned twelve, which is young to be hearing of such a thing. Yet a body may as well make things safe. And as for Humphrey or Robin interfering, I will break their heads with my cudgel if they do. Remember that, then." He shook his finger at me, threatening.

"In what business should they interfere?" I asked.

"Kiss me, Alice"—here he tried to lay his arm round my neck, but I ran away. "Oh! if thou art skittish, I care not at all in good time. Very well, then; let us make things safe, Alice, when I come back thou wilt be seventeen or eighteen, which is an age when girls should marry."

"I have nothing to do with marrying, Ben."

"Not yet. If I mistake not, child, thou wilt then be as beautiful as a rose in June."

"I want no foolish talk, Ben. Let me go."

"Then I shall be twenty-one years of age, practising in the courts. I shall go the Western Circuit, in order to see thee often—partly to keep an eye upon thee and partly to warn off other men. Because, child, it is my purpose to marry thee myself. Think upon that, now."

At this I laughed.

"Laugh if you please, my dear; I shall marry thee as soon as the way is open to the Bench and the Woolsack. What? I can see a long way ahead. I will tell thee what I see. There is a monstrous great crowd of people in the street staring at a glass coach. 'Who is the lovely lady?' they ask. 'The lovely lady'—that is you, Alice; none other—with the diamonds at her neck and the gold chain, in the glass coach?" says one who knows her liveries: 'tis the lady of the great Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Sherborne.' And the women fall green with envy of her happiness and great good fortune and her splendour. Courage, child; I go to prepare the way. Oh! thou knowest not the grand things that I shall pour into thy lap when I am a Judge."

This was the first time that any man spoke to me of love. But Benjamin was always masterful, and had no respect for such a nice point as the wooing of a maiden—which, methinks, should be gentle and respectful, not as if a woman was like a savage to be tempted by a string of beads, or so foolish as to desire with her husband such gauds as diamonds, or gold chains, or a glass coach. Nor doth a woman like to be treated as if she was to be carried off by force like the Sabine women of old.

The Rector rode to London with his son. It is a long journey, over rough ways; but it pleased him once more to see that great city, where there are pictures and statues and books to gladden the hearts of such as love these things. And on the way home he sojourned for a few days at his old college of All Souls, where were still left one or two of his old friends. Then he rode back to his village. "There are but two places in this country," he said, "or perhaps three, at most, where a gentleman and a scholar, or one who loveth the fine arts, would choose to live. These are London and Oxford, and perhaps the Sister University upon the Granta. Well, I have once more been privileged to witness the humours of the Court and the town: I have once more been permitted to sniff the air of a great library. Let us be thankful." He showed his thankfulness with a sigh which was almost a groan.

It was three years before we saw Benjamin again. Then he returned, but not for long. Like his father, he loved London better than the country, but for other reasons. Certainly, he cared nothing for those arts which so much delighted the Rector, and the air of a coffee-house pleased him more than the perfume of books in a library. When he left us he was a rustic; when he came back he was already what they call a fopling: that is to say, when he went to pay his respects to Sir Christopher, his grandfather, he wore a very fine cravat of Flanders lace, with silken hose, and lace and ribbons at his wrist. He was also scented with bergamot, and wore a periuke, which, while he talked, he combed and curled, to keep the curls of this monstrous head-dress in place. Gentlemen must, I suppose, wear this invention, and one of the learned professions must show the extent of the learning by the splendours of his fall-bottomed wig. Yet I think that a young man looks most comely while he wears his own hair. He had cocked his hat, on which were bows of riband, and he wore a sword. He spoke also in a mincing London manner, having now forsaken the honest broad speech of Somerset; and (but not in the presence of his elders) he used strange oaths and ejaculations.

"Behold him!" said his father, by no means displeased at his son's folly, because he ever loved the city fashions, and thought that a young man did well to dress and to comport himself after the way of the world. "Behold him! Thus he sits in the coffee-house; thus he shows himself in the pit. Youth is the time for finery and for folly. Alas! would that we could bring back that time! What saith John Dryden—glorious John—of Sir Fopling?"

His various modes from various fashions follow:

One taught the toss, and one the new French swallow;
His sworl-knot this, his cravat that, designed,
And this the yard-long snake he twirls behind.
From one the sacred periwig he gained,
Which-wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profaned."

"Well, Ben," said Sir Christopher, "if the mode can help thee to the Bench why not follow the mode?"

"It will not hinder, Sir," Ben replied. "A man who hath his fortune to make does well to be seen everywhere, and to be dressed like other men of his time."

One must do Benjamin the justice to acknowledge that though, like the young gentlemen his friends and companions his dress was foppish, and his talk was of the pleasures of the town, he suffered nothing to stand in the way of his advancement. He was resolved upon being a great lawyer, and, therefore, if he spent the evening in drinking, singing, and making merry, he was reading in chambers or else attending the Courts all the day, and neglected nothing that would make him master of his profession. And, though of learning he had little, his natural parts were so good, and his resolution was so strong, that I doubt not he would have achieved his ambition had it not been for the circumstances which afterwards cut short his career. His course of life, by his own boastful confession, was profligate; his friends were drinkers and revellers; his favourite haunt was the tavern, where they all drank punch and sang ungodly songs, and smoked tobacco; and of religion he seemed to have no care whatever.

I was afraid that he would return to the nauseous subject which he had opened three years before. Therefore, I continued with my mother, and would give him no chance to speak with me. But he found me, and caught me returning home one evening.

"Alice," he said, "I feared that I might have to go away without a word alone with thee."

"I want no words alone, Benjamin. Let me pass!" For he stood before me in the way.

"Not so fast, pretty!"—he caught me by the wrist, and, being a young man so strong and determined, he held me as by a vice. "Not so fast, Mistress Alice. First, my dear, let me tell thee that my purpose still holds—nay"—here he swore a most dreadful, impious oath—"I am more resolved than ever. There is not a woman, even in London, that is to be compared with thee, child. What? Compared with thee? Why, they are like the twinkling stars compared with the glorious Queen of Night. What did I say?—that at nineteen thou wouldst be a miracle of beauty? Nay, that time hath come already! I love thee, child! I love thee, I say, ten times as much as ever I loved thee before!"

He gasped, and then breathed hard; but still he held me fast.

"Idle compliments cost a man nothing, Benjamin. Say what you meant to say and let me go. If you hold me any longer I will cry out and bring your father to learn the reason."

"Well," he said, "I will not keep thee. I have said what I wanted to say. My time hath not yet arrived. I am shortly to be called, and shall then begin to practise. When I come back here again, 'twill be with a ring in one hand, and in the other the prospect of the Woolsack. Think upon that while I am gone. 'Your Ladyship' is finer than plain 'Madame,' and the Court is more delightful than a village green among the pigs and ducks. Think upon it well: thou art a lucky girl: a plain village girl to be promoted to a coronet! However, I have no fears for thee: thou wilt adorn the highest fortune. Thou wilt be worthy of the great place whither I shall lead thee. What? Is Sir George Jeffreys a better man than I? Is he of better family? Had he better interest? Is he a bolder man? Not so. Yet was Sir George a Common Serjeant at twenty-three, and Recorder at thirty; Chief Justice of Chester at thirty-two. What he hath done I can do. Moreover, Sir George hath done me the honour to admit me to his company, and will advance me. This he hath promised, both in his cups and when he is sober. Think it over, child: a ring in one hand and a title in the other!"

Sq Benjamin went away again. I was afraid when I thought of him and his promise, because I knew him of old; and his eyes were as full of determination as when he would fight a lad of his own age and go on fighting till the other had had enough. Yet he could not marry me against my will. His own father would protect me, to say nothing of mine.

I should have told him then—as I had told him before—that I would never marry him. Then, perhaps, he would have been shaken in his purpose. The very thought of marrying him filled me with terror unspeakable. I was afraid of him not only because he was so masterful—nay, women like a man to be strong of will—but because he had no religion in him and lived like an Atheist, if such a wretch there be; at all events, with unconcern about his soul; and because his life was profligate, his tastes were gross, and he was a drinker of much wine. Even at the Manor House I had seen him at supper drinking until his cheeks were puffed out and his voice grew thick. What kind of happiness would there be for a wife whose husband has to be carried home by his varlets too heavy with drink to stand or to speak?

Alas! there is one thing which girls, happily, do never apprehend. They cannot understand how it is possible for a man to become so possessed with the idea of their charms (which they hold themselves as of small account, knowing how fleeting they are, and of what small value) that he will go through fire and water for that woman; yea, and break all the commandments, heedless of his immortal soul, rather than suffer another man to take her—and that, even though he knows that the poor creature loves him not, or loves another man. If maidens knew this, I think that they would go in fear and trembling lest they should be coveted by some wild beast in human shape, and prove the death of the gallant gentleman whom they would choose for their lover. Or they would make for themselves convents and hide in them, so great would be their fear. But it is idle to speak of this, because, say what one will, girls can never understand the power and the vehemence of love, when once it hath seized and doth thoroughly possess a man.

(To be continued.)

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.
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MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mr. Harris's season—which began on May 14—will conclude on Saturday evening, July 21, having been prolonged for a fortnight beyond the original intention, in consequence of the great success obtained. An event remains now to be recorded—the production of "Aida," on July 14. This opera was one of the specialties of Mr. Augustus Harris's Italian opera season at Drury-Lane Theatre last year. The work has an interest as manifesting a change of style (indicated in previous productions) from that which characterises the earlier operas by which Verdi's world-wide popularity was gained. There is no question that in "Don Carlos" (1867), and particularly in "Aida" (1871), Verdi has been largely swayed by that influence which Wagner has so powerfully exercised. The prevalence of emphatic declamation is especially notable in "Aida," and this tendency naturally limits its attractiveness to its stage representation. In its recent performance, on July 14, the title-character was sustained by Madame Nordica, as in last year's Drury-Lane season. Again the lady sang with good effect in several instances, perhaps with more in passages of pathos than in those of tragic passion. M. J. De Reszke's performance as Radames was a repetition of vocal and dramatic excellence that was manifested in the same character last year; another important feature in the recent cast, now alluded to, having been the fine singing of Madame Scalchi as Amneris—a character scarcely less important, vocally and dramatically, than that of Aida. Signor D'Andrade gave full dramatic significance to the part of Amonasro, in its intensity of passion and barbaric dignity, and sang the music well. Signor Navarini was impressive as the high priest, Ramphis, and the characters of the King and a messenger were sufficiently well sustained, respectively, by Signor Miranda and Signor Italidini. Signor Mancinelli conducted. The stage effects were worthy of the reputation of the management.

Recent performances have included repetitions of operas previously given during the season; among them having been "Il Trovatore," with the substitution of Madame Fürsch-Madi in the character of Leonora, in lieu of its former representative. The lady just named sang and acted with genuine dramatic earnestness. The cast was otherwise the same as before. Mr. Randegger conducted in this instance.

The performance of Otto Nicolai's opera "The Merry Wives of Windsor," recently given by students of the Royal College of Music at the Savoy Theatre, gave good evidence of the efficient training that is pursued at the Kensington establishment in preparing pupils for an operatic career. Of course, the performance referred to is to be regarded rather as one of promise than of absolute fulfilment; but it was sufficiently good, in most of its features, to hold out a prospect of welcome and serviceable additions to the number of dramatic vocalists fitted to sustain, with efficiency, performances of English opera, or operas in English. The characters of Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, and Ann were very effectively filled, respectively, by Misses A. Roberts, E. Squire, and M. Davies. Mr. W. C. Milward evinced good dramatic perceptions of the humour of Falstaff, which he will doubtless realise still more effectively with the advantage of further stage experience and less nervousness. Mr. A. C. Peach as Slender, Mr. Adams-Owen as Page, and Mr. D. Price as Ford, showed unmistakable fitness for their vocation; and Mr. L. M. Kilby was an acceptable Fenton. The orchestra and chorus (chiefly consisting of College pupils) were fairly good, and the performance was conducted by Professor Villiers Stanford. The fairy business in the last scene was well represented by the clever children trained by Madame Katti Lanner.

The Chester Triennial Musical Festival will be inaugurated by special services in the cathedral on Sunday, July 22; that in the evening including a performance of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." On Wednesday morning, "Elijah" will be given, the following morning's performances comprising Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, and a symphonic cantata, "Oh, sing unto the Lord," composed for the festival by Mr. Oliver King; Verdi's "Requiem," closing the day's programme. On the Friday morning Beethoven's "Engedi" (an adaptation of his "Mount of Olives"), and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" will be given; Gounod's oratorio, "The Redemption," closing the festival on Friday evening, July 27. Miscellaneous concerts will be given in the Music Hall on the Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata, "The Golden Legend" (probably conducted by himself), being selected for the first, the other programme being miscellaneous. An efficient orchestra, led by Herr Straus, and a chorus of proportionate power are engaged: the conductor of the performances being Dr. J. C. Bridge, organist of Chester Cathedral. With these arrangements, and a list of solo vocalists comprising the names of Madame Nordica, Misses Anna Williams and Damian, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Nicholl, Mr. Brereton, Mr. Grice, and Mr. Santley; the performances can scarcely fail to be worthy of the localities and the occasion.

GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

Ossington House, 317, City-road, E.C., is the "City Lodge" of this society, and a meeting was held there on July 12 for the purpose of drawing local attention to the function it is intended to fill. Lady Grey presided, and said the house had been fitted up for the accommodation of young girls who were in need of a comfortable and cheap home. Unfortunately it required to be better known by the class for whose benefit it was intended. Lady Ossington and other friends had supplied funds that had enabled the society to purchase the premises, put them in a thoroughly sanitary condition, and furnish them. The committee were in great need of personal help, and she trusted that as the result of that meeting some lady in the neighbourhood would come forward and make the home her special charge, and that other ladies would give their services as periodical or occasional visitors. The Earl of Meath said that the society, which was formed to promote purity among women, had established sixty such homes or lodges throughout the United Kingdom, and seventy-four throughout the world. It was doing a great work, and numbered over 150,000 members. A girl was lodged for from 2s. to 4s. 6d. per week, the latter payment carrying with it the accommodation of a private room. If the conveniences of the home could only be made known in the shops and factories it would rapidly fill, as similar institutions filled elsewhere. The Countess of Shrewsbury gave an account of her experiences in connection with such homes at Birmingham and Stafford, and dwelt upon the good influence exercised by the recreation-rooms, which were one of their most important features. Lady Helen Stewart and the Rev. Canon Elwyn afterwards addressed the meeting, at the conclusion of which the company inspected the premises.

Dom Pedro of Brazil, grandson of the Emperor, arrived at Claridge's Hotel on July 12 from Paris.

On July 11, the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos held a reception at Chandos House, at which a large number of distinguished guests were present.

NEW BOOKS.

Tropical Africa. By Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. (Hodder and Stoughton).—A subject of urgent and painful interest was brought before the House of Lords on Friday, July 6, by the Earl of Harrowby, to whom the Prime Minister replied, with regard to the danger now besetting our missionary efforts and our commercial prospects on the eastern side of Central Africa. It has also been treated in the magazines for July by several well-informed writers; by Mr. J. Scott Keltie, in the *Contemporary Review*, with a general survey of British territorial and political influence in Africa, and by others who have recently visited the Portuguese dominions on the east coast. This is a suitable opportunity for recommending to perusal one of the most interesting brief narratives of travel, and one of the most instructive essays in geography and natural history, that have lately been published. The scientific and literary reputation of Professor Drummond has been greatly enhanced by the wide popularity of his remarkable treatise of natural philosophy and religious philosophy, which has passed through twenty-two editions, and which the disciples of the late Mr. Darwin and of Mr. Huxley must allow to be worthy of their attention. Apart from controversial arguments, and without reference to any theory of design, or of evolution, in the modification of physical organisms, Professor Drummond's minute and accurate observations, as a naturalist, present a delightful study in two chapters of this modest volume: the one devoted to "the white ant"; the other, to the wonderful mimicry of inanimate forms in the appearance and demeanour of some African insects. But the immediate practical importance of his new book, which does not much exceed two hundred pages, with three or four special maps illustrating the position of the different territories and European protectorates in East Central Africa, relates to the questions discussed between Lord Harrowby and Lord Salisbury in Parliament a few days ago. It is high time that these questions should be settled by resolute diplomatic action, while we entirely approve of the resolution of our Government to avoid, in any case, undertaking to protect British enterprises, whether mercantile or evangelical and philanthropic, by sending even the smallest military force to the shores of Lake Nyassa. That region, indeed, situated four or five hundred miles inland from the sea-coast either of the Portuguese dominions or of those belonging to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and more than a thousand miles to north-east of the frontier of Bechuanaland across the width of the Continent, is manifestly out of reach of a British military expedition. International jealousies, among which, besides the legitimate rights of Portugal, we should have to reckon with the peremptory opposition both of France and of Germany, forbid the very idea of such an exercise of power. At the same time, we cannot be indifferent to the labours and perils of our countrymen, to the large sacrifices which have been made by the Oxford and Cambridge Universities' Mission at Zanzibar, the Church of Scotland Mission, and the Scottish Free Church Mission, at a cost already incurred of nearly £150,000, for most beneficent purposes, and to the operations of the African Lakes Company of Glasgow, promising salutary results from the establishment of useful trade with the natives. The real enemy to all civilising agencies in the eastern parts of tropical Africa is the ubiquitous Arab slave-trader, whom the Governments of Zanzibar and of the Portuguese stations on the coast southward fail to exclude; they may be sincerely willing to do so, but cannot help the weakness, and probably the corruption, of their local administration. So far as concerns Lake Nyassa, with the tract of highland country up the Shiré river, between the Zambezi and the southern end of that lake, where the Scottish Church Missions are stationed, all that we can demand of Portugal is free and unrestrained access to this region by the mouth of the Zambezi. The Portuguese sovereignty over the whole seacoast from Delagoa Bay, inclusive of that fine harbour with the railway to the Transvaal, and the Mozambique shore as far north as Cape Delgado, near the outlet of the Rovuma, cannot be disputed. But Great Britain and other European nations will not easily admit that Portugal is entitled to control the navigation of the Zambezi, a great continental river which ranks next in length to the Congo and the Niger, though it is only navigable for stretches of one or two hundred miles, between the rapids or cataracts. Its important tributary, the Shiré, which was first explored by Dr. Livingstone, gives access to the missionary station of Blantyre, to Lake Shirwa, and beyond the Murchison Falls to the southern shores of Lake Nyassa. These places, with Bandawé, far up along the western shore of that great lake, and some part of the healthy region of upland country between the north-west extremity of Nyassa and Lake Tanganyika, were visited by Professor Drummond, his inland journeys and voyages extending seven or eight hundred miles. Their geography and topography have been minutely described by other travellers, and he therefore contents himself, in this respect, with giving us accurate maps, and with a rather sketchy commentary on the general aspects of what he calls "one of the great lobes of the heart of Africa." In the opinion of this author, the route which has thus been indicated should be made available for the best approach to the Equatorial Lakes region, that of the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza, and to the upper streams of the Congo. We cannot, however, agree with him in recommending that an armed force, either of "Sikhs or Pathans from India," or of drilled native African soldiers, ought to be placed on guard, with the sanction of the British Government, though at the expense of the commercial or the missionary societies, along this natural highway to Central Africa. Its cost would probably exceed half a million sterling annually, with great loss of life from the climate; the expenditure could never be remunerative, and we should not get the consent of foreign Powers, which have a right to be consulted. Plainly speaking, it is not the business or the duty of England to invade and rule the interior of Africa for the sake of putting down the Arab slave trade. This author's pathetic chapter on "the Heart Disease of Africa" touches, indeed, our feelings of compassion and indignation, but not our national conscience. Germany, in fact, has lately undertaken a much more distinct responsibility, by annexing the vast territory between the Zanzibar coast and Lake Tanganyika, for the suppression of that inhuman traffic, than Great Britain has ever thought fit to do. The ancient dominion of Portugal, founded on the discovery of the south-eastern coast by Vasco Da Gama, involves an abiding responsibility for the exclusion of the same evil; but our own nation has no special authority to enforce the discharge of these duties. Freedom of intercourse with the interior must not be denied, and the rest must be left to voluntary and spontaneous action. Many readers will turn again with greater pleasure to Professor Drummond's studies of Tropical African entomology. The most novel and original topic is that of the invaluable services rendered by the termite, incorrectly called "the white ant," in breaking up the hard sun-dried crust of the earth, and in pulverising its substance, by swallowing and afterwards disgorging every minute grain, thereby converting it into fertile soil. This is just the same work that Darwin has shown to be performed by earthworms in our own

country, and in other lands under a temperate, soft, and moist climate.

The Chameleon: Fugitive Fancies on Many-coloured Matters. By Charles J. Dunphie, author of "Wildfire," "Sweet Sleep," &c. (Ward and Downey).—These humorous essays on social manners and minor morals, with an agreeable flavour of literary scholarship and a happy mixture of diverting anecdotes, may be recommended as pleasant reading to those who have an intelligent perception of irony, and who can understand that the lively author sometimes affects to contend for propositions directly opposite to his real sentiments and convictions. Beyond the sportive exercise of wit and ingenuity in support of a paradox which nobody will seriously accept, and the refreshing sense of liberation from orthodox constraint of thought and feeling, it is often useful to show up, in this manner, the flimsy and capricious false arguments, or rather the sophistical tacit assumptions, that lurk in the mind disposed to wrong views of life and duty. Comedy, when finely and discreetly administered—in which art, practised not in the dramatic form, but in the mock didactic, we find Mr. Dunphie a skilful master—is not less instructive than the most solemn preaching of sermons; and his whimsical discourses in praise of egotism and personal vanity, in glorification of obstinacy, and in exultation over "the delight of being in debt," are calculated to suggest very good reasons for avoiding those particular faults of temper and conduct. Besides seeking thus to "purge the mind" of unconscious erring tendencies, as Greek tragedy was deemed to purge it of feeble pity and base terror, by a homeopathic kind of medicine, he succeeds in provoking many an innocent laugh at his odd fancies and quaint conceits, in a vein reminding us now and then of Leigh Hunt, or of Charles Lamb, or some other of the elder writers of free-spirited essays. Mr. Dunphie, however, is not always at his best; and there are jokes of his which drop flat and look small, or which miss their effect of point by a failure in the handling; there is also too much harping on the same string, as in the frequent repetition of an extravagant eulogy of women, compared with men. It is no great fun, either, constantly to speak of Shakespeare as "William," or to talk of "friends and friendesses," or to employ the stale old interjections, "Zounds," "Oddsodikins," and "Marry come up!" Except for such freaks and tricks, the style of these writings is good, and so is a great portion of their matter. With the prose essays are intermingled a few pieces of English and of Latin verse, both of tolerable quality.

Austrian Health Resorts. By W. Fraser Rae (Chapman and Hall).—Although we may not be prepared to admit that a man who discovers a new health resort deserves as much honour as one who invents a new sauce, we should be ungrateful to Mr. Fraser Rae if we failed to welcome the timely appearance of his pleasantly-written volume. Mr. Fraser has travelled much and observed many things in countries far and near—and his quickness in seizing the characteristics of places and individuals is accompanied by a happy way of recounting his impressions. In the present volume he deals with places with which we are, most of us, well acquainted, to our pleasure or regret. Amongst such are Carlsbad, Marienbad, Teplitz, Ischl and Meran; and of all these he has something new to tell us about the treatment prescribed (from a layman's point of view), the hardships to be endured, and the benefits to be obtained. He has, however, gone far deeper into the history, associations, and resources of each of these spots, about which one might think little remains unsaid. He shows, too, what pleasant halting-places these "baths" can be made for those who do not care to submit to the severer ordeal prescribed by the doctors, but are glad to take advantage of the "resources of civilisation" which the yearly influx of visitors has created. For example, he expatiates at some length on the attractions of Gieshübl-Puchstein, of which visitors to Carlsbad hear so much, and with which they acquaint themselves only by an occasional day's excursion. About Teplitz, Mr. Fraser Rae tells us a story which, if not merely a local myth, might deserve some investigation. He says that on Nov. 1, 1755, the day on which the Lisbon earthquake occurred, the principal spring of Teplitz ceased to flow for seven minutes, and then for a time poured forth blood red water. The close proximity of lignite in large quantities may explain this change of colour, but throws no light on the wide extension of the subterranean disturbance. Not the least interesting portion of Mr. Fraser Rae's book is that which he devotes to the less known health-resorts of the Austrian Tyrol Roncegno—about three hours to the east of Trent, in the valley of the Brenta; Levico, at the entrance of the Val Sugana, at an elevation of 4500 ft.; and Arco, which may possibly be known to those who have spent a few days at Riva, at the Lago di Garda. Each of these places is absolutely unacknowledged, and almost untraversed by British or American feet; but the accommodation each offers would suffice to make far less attractive spots supportable. At Roncegno the additional attraction of a "mud-bath" or "mud-poultice," to speak more accurately, is offered to such as suffer from muscular rheumatism, and apparently with useful results. The special feature, however, of the water drunk by the patients here is its strong impregnation with arsenic, resembling in this particular the better known springs of La Bourboule in Auvergne. The chapters on the bitter waters of Hungary introduce us to scarcely more than the names of Margaret Island, St. Agnes' Water, which lies within half an hour of Buda-Pesth; but, as we can hardly imagine persons in the mild pursuit of health resorting to such beverages as those of the Hunjadi János or Rákoczy springs, we do not quarrel with Mr. Fraser Rae for dismissing them so briefly. The value of his book for general readers, for travellers—rheumatic, dyspeptic, and the like—is to be found in the other chapters; but however attractive may be the spots the author describes, however efficacious the waters he recommends, the invalid—real or imaginary—should bear in his mind the time-honoured Roman inscription on a bath:—"Curarum vacuus hunc aedes locum, ut morbum vacuus abire queas, non curatur qui curat"—Leave care behind if you seek a cure.

That Sister-in-Law of Mine, by Harry Parkes (Frederick Warne and Co.) is not a contribution to the Deceased Wife's Sister's question, but the humorous account of the domestic troubles springing from a too lively young lady. The illustrations, to which the text is altogether subsidiary, are drawn with considerable spirit and correctness of outline, but at times the fun seems somewhat forced and second-hand. It is essentially a hot weather volume, and one to turn over whilst lying on the sand or heather, too lazy even to think, and the author has bestowed so much pains upon it that we can only hope that its success will not be marred by the inclemency of the season.

The Clothworkers' Company have given £50 towards the educational work of the Bow and Bromley Institute, the committee of which are appealing for £500 to enable them to continue the work which has been carried on with such success during the past eighteen years, also to provide a gymnasium for the recreation of the students, who last year numbered upwards of 1500.

"WORLD-ENGLISH."

Mr. Alexander Melville Bell, the well-known author of "Visible Speech" and other cognate works, has turned his attention to the forming of a universal language. His views on the subject are set forth in a small book, entitled "World-English," which is published by Trübner and Co. To English-speaking people, this treatise must needs be of great interest, hastening the universal knowledge of the English tongue; and to other nations it has this great recommendation over Volapük and like systems, that in learning it one acquires another living language that is fast becoming the language of the civilised world. Mr. Bell goes so far as to say no language could be invented for international use that would surpass English in grammatical simplicity, and in general fitness to become the tongue of the world. Its only drawback, in his opinion, is its difficult and unsystematic spelling, and this he sets about amending for World-English purposes as follows. He uses seventeen of the consonants of the English alphabet, retaining their customary sounds; and excludes *c*, *q*, and *x*—the first having the *k* or *s* sound, the second because it has the sound of *k*, and the third because of its having the sound of *ks* or *gz*. The letter *y* is always to have its hard sound, as in *go*; the letter *j* indicating the soft sound. There are nine new consonant letters added for sounds unrepresented in our alphabet. The five vowels are associated with fixed, instead of fluctuating, sounds, and have marks to show certain specific sounds. These changes, with a few other modifications, are all that Mr. Bell thinks necessary to fit English for a universal language. The system, it will be seen, is simple enough; but its simplicity is its chief excellence, and bids fair to ensure its general adoption.

LORD SALISBURY ON COLONISATION.

A deputation from the Parliamentary Colonisation Committee, headed by Sir W. Houldsworth, M.P., waited on Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office on July 11. Sir W. Houldsworth, in introducing the deputation, said their object was to ask the Government with the consent of Parliament to establish a colonisation board, and to guarantee interest at 3 per cent per annum for a term of thirty years on any amount the public might subscribe towards a colonisation landrent charge stock. The greatest amount which the Government would be called upon to advance by way of interest would be £15,000, and this amount would be repaid to the Treasury out of the proceeds received from settlers in five years. They believed that the land, when settled upon, and after the capital which they proposed had been expended upon it, would in itself be ample security for both principal and interest.

Lord Salisbury said this was a very difficult question. He considered it, as he had considered it last year, one of the most difficult questions modern statesmen might give their attention to. The difficulties were twofold. The first was—would the colonists receive them? It used to be thought, where a certain number of Englishmen settled on the border of a newly-discovered land, that to hand over the remainder was the mode most likely to command its settlement, but experience has shown that anticipation had been mistaken, as he thought a little foresight would have taught people. It might easily have been foreseen that when the working classes in the Colonies came to have power they would look at the fact that emigrants were likely to flood the country and have the effect of reducing the rate of wages. They had already had indications of that shown in many of our colonies. It was doubtful, also, whether Englishmen, with their breeding and blood, could work exposed to the heat of the sun in our Crown colonies. A more serious difficulty was that of finance. Sir W. Houldsworth had been trying to steer between a narrow zone which separated the gift from an investment. He (Lord Salisbury) would bring the proposals of the deputation under the consideration of his colleagues, but he thought those present must be conscious that that was not the time for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to dispose of gifts of that kind. Almost all the time the Government could afford was claimed for objects even more imperative than the high and beneficent object which the deputation were aiming at.

THE TWELFTH OF JULY.

The Orange celebrations in the north of Ireland passed off, in nearly every instance, without serious disturbance.

The meeting at Lambeg, near Belfast, was attended by over 40,000 people, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Kane (Grand Master of Belfast), Mr. J. H. Trymble (Grand Master of Queensland), Mr. Fitzgerald (Grand Master of Ontario), and Mr. Clarke (member of the Canadian Parliament and Grand Master of British North America).

The demonstration at Portadown was attended by nearly 15,000 Orangemen. Colonel Saunderson, M.P., said the meaning of their assembling in their thousands that day was to show that, while they were law-abiding and loyal, they had strong arms, which they intended, if necessary, to use, sooner than submit to hostile rule. The other speakers were Mr. J. W. Maclean, M.P., and Mr. Smith Barry, M.P.

At the Castlereagh meeting, which was held in Lord Annesley's demesne, several thousand Orangemen attended, and were addressed by Mr. Johnston, M.P., of Ballykilbeg, and other prominent members of the order. On the return-journey, a lively scene took place in Downpatrick. Orangemen wanted to march through a Nationalist district, but were prevented by the police, who had to use their batons freely.

The Liverpool Orangemen celebrated the Twelfth of July at Halton Castle, near Runcorn. Members of the order and friends, to the number of nearly 3000, left in a special train, at an early hour in the morning, accompanied by several bands of music and a large number of banners. Arrived at Runcorn, a procession was formed, and the Orangemen marched to the castle.

The north-western province of the Loyal Orange Institution of England held a demonstration at Maryport, when Orangemen wearing their regalia attended from all parts of Cumberland. Although the bands played party tunes and their progress through the streets was watched by the Roman Catholic party, no disturbance occurred. The Rev. Edward Sampson, Vicar of Maryport, addressed the Orangemen.

The Glasgow Orangemen celebrated the Twelfth of July. The weather was splendid. They met in their thousands on Glasgow-green, and with bands playing and banners flying marched to Thornlie-bank, where in a field they passed resolutions declaring their unabated confidence in the Unionist policy of her Majesty's Government, and determining to support them in refusing a separate Parliament to the Irish Nationalists.

The shareholders of the Westminster Aquarium Company have resolved to accept an offer to purchase the undertaking for £330,000.

The First Lord of the Admiralty and Lady George Hamilton visited, on July 11, the Royal Victoria Patriotic Asylum for Fatherless Daughters of Sailors, Soldiers, and Marines, which is situated on Wandsworth-common; and distributed prizes to the children, of whom there are now 296 maintained in the institution.



A SISTER.



ONE OF THE WARDS.



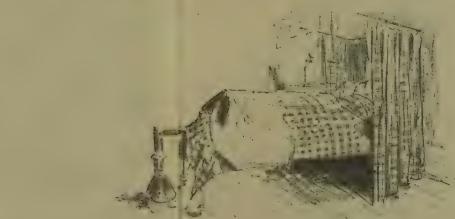
IN THE ROTHSCHILD WARD.



A DISPENSER.



"DADDY"—IN AN ACCIDENT WARD.



A HOT-AIR BATH.



THE DISPENSARY.



A CHEERFUL PATIENT.



A PROBATIONER.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The celebration of the tercentenary of the Armada has been curiously managed. The statement widely circulated, and left uncontradicted for months, that the chief Catholic Peer of England, who was so strangely chosen for the chairman of so essentially Protestant a celebration, had accepted that office on condition that Queen Elizabeth should not be mentioned in connection with the celebration, was alone calculated to deaden public interest. A memorial of the Armada without mention of Elizabeth would indeed be "Hamlet" with the title-role removed. The Armada was the last stroke in the long duel between Elizabeth and her natural heiress, Mary, Queen of Scots. Mary, reaching from the grave to strike this blow, bequeathed the realms of Britain to Philip of Spain, in the event of her own son remaining Protestant; in Babington's conspiracy, which immediately led to Mary's murder, the moving spirit was a Catholic priest who came to England as an emissary from Philip of Spain to promise aid to Mary's friends in making an effort for her; and the Armada was at once Philip's performance of his promises to the English Catholics and his attempt to secure the throne bequeathed to him by her whom Catholics necessarily considered as not merely the heiress to the Crown of England, but as the rightful owner in present fact of that crown, which Elizabeth had illegally usurped. It is appalling to read of the ill-preparation of England to meet the invasion; of how the Admiral had few war-ships, and no wages and but scanty rations for his men; of how Cecil simply gave it up, and went to bed sick with despair; and of how military commands were misbestowed. But with all the troubles and terrors of that great week just three hundred years ago, there was at the bottom the solid ground of safety of the popular love for and trust in the "admired Empresse." False and faulty as she was, Elizabeth had great qualities, and the great heart of her England responded to them, and rallied round her at her appeal. An Armada celebration and Elizabeth ignored—preposterous!

Royal Commissions and strikes continue to claim attention for the sad problem of the overstocked female labour-market. It must have been a new experience for the Royal Commissioners on "sweating," when a quiet young woman sat down before them to demonstrate the untruth of an assertion that no more than four shillings per week could be earned by the most expert buttonhole-makers. This worker executed her first buttonhole in a cloth coat in 4 minutes, the two next in 3½ minutes each, and the last in 3½ minutes. By working at this rate for eleven hours daily she would earn twenty-six shillings per week. Yet it was admitted by the so-called "sweater," or middle-man employer, who brought her before the Commission, that the average earnings of a hand only amounted to about fifteen shillings; and, of course, this statement means that while some earn considerably more, many earn a great deal less than that—which may be taken, as far as I can judge, as the lowest sum on which a girl can live tolerably comfortably.

But in these variations in the wages in one employment may be perceived a turning point of the whole problem of wages. It is because the lower class of workers are so unskilled—because that either their form of labour is easily acquired and gives no scope for skill, or else that the individual has not enough skill in the labour—that the lowest workers are so very badly paid. The poor match-girls' business, for instance, is one in which the very slightest degree of natural ability suffices, and in which the highest skill possible is quickly attained. They do their work, certainly, with marvellous rapidity; but the skill implied in attaining to that rapidity is very small—any girl can do likewise after a few months' practice. Buttonholing is much more of an art. There are some people who can never learn to put their stitches rapidly with the accuracy and draw them with the precision of force that make good buttonholes. The really skilful women can, as that one showed the Royal Commission, earn good wages, such as not the quickest and cleverest match-girl can approach. This is clearly, then, not an arbitrary arrangement. Match-making is one of the least difficult forms of labour; it is practically unskilled labour, indeed; and the supply of such labour is so large compared with the amount of work that it can do that necessarily the wages of it are pushed down. It is so with male labour; it is yet more so with regard to female labour, because of the fewer employments for which women are eligible and their greater abundance, and hence the heavier competition amongst them for employment.

Such competition for the work inevitably brings down the wages. On what other principle can an employer fix his wages except on that of paying the lowest wages which will procure the labour he requires? And the greater the competition for work amongst the unskilled labourers the lower the wages which each of them will be thankful to accept for his work, down to just above starvation point. And the greater the numbers of the unskilled labourers seeking work the more severe must be such competition amongst them for employment. And so we arrive at last—surely by no dark or doubtful observations!—at the crux of the whole matter—the superabundance of population as compared with the capital available for its maintenance. The population of this kingdom continues to increase at nearly the rate of a thousand a day; a thousand more beings with all the human needs, to be satisfied only by human exertion, are born into our midst day by day, in excess of those who die. Neither the produce of our own soil nor the demand of other countries for our manufactured goods in return for their food products, increases in like proportion; and this pressure of population on the means of subsistence is the root cause of poverty, of low wages, and of the seething struggle of unskilled labourers—so sad to see, so cruel to be engaged in. Women, as the weaker sex—speaking from the industrial point of view—necessarily suffer most in that cruel struggle. But, sad and painful though the thought must be, it is impossible to avoid the conviction, if one sees the truth about the root of the evil, that no Royal Commissions or Inquiry Committees, or strikes or charitable funds or other temporary devices, can by any possibility really help those who suffer most. The only remedies are, alas! slow: they are those which increase individual intelligence and skill, as all educational efforts must do; which make parents more alive to their duties towards their offspring, so that men and women may be ashamed to look in the faces of children whom they cannot properly feed, warm, and educate in childhood, and train to skilful labour in youth; and which encourage the young swarms from the parent hive to take flight and settle in less crowded regions, where Nature's unexhausted fertility only awaits the appealing touch of her children to pour forth her riches into their hands.

Is all this dull? It is not so to me, and I would fain hope it is not so either to other women, whose sympathies can reach beyond the narrow range of their own attire and pretty surroundings. The world needs thought and effort from women, and it is of consequence that they should not be wasted. For those who can give money and believe that they can give nothing else, the support of a hospital may be commended as a simple good work. The provision of medical skill and comforts for the poor, disabled by sickness, often saves lives in their most valuable period

when the support of a family depends on the parent's exertions, often averts years of hopeless illness, often prevents the extremity of hopeless physical pain. The New Hospital for Women, which has put forth an appeal for funds for a new building, is officiated entirely by women physicians. Last year, in the small and inconvenient house in Marylebone-road where the hospital is now carried on, no fewer than 263 in-patients and 5163 out-patients, sought relief by means of the skill of doctors and surgeons of their own sex. Important operations are undertaken in the hospital, yet in the year there were only four deaths. FLORENCE FENWICK MILLER.

CONVERSAZIONE AT KING'S COLLEGE.

In connection with the Lambeth Conference, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge received, on July 12, the dignitaries of the Church now assembled in London, at King's College. The Archbishop of Canterbury received the guests in the hall from eight to nine, and then followed a series of interesting addresses touching on the work done in their various districts, by the Bishops of Iowa, Calcutta, Sydney, and Rupert's Land. These addresses chiefly dwelt on the systematic method of promulgating truth, with due regard to the conditions and habits of the various nations and peoples, to whom the truth should be brought. In the intervals, the Rev. J. Bridger, with the artistic assistance of the magic lantern, lectured on "Work among Emigrants," and in the Natural History Museum, such interesting objects as the "Development of the Frog," the "Third Eye of Vertebrates," and "Fresh Water Medusa" (*Limniscodium Sowerbi*) were exhibited. The Royal Artillery band performed a selection of secular music, the organ pealed occasionally in the chapel in deeper religious tones, in the Wheatstone Laboratory electric phenomena were shown by familiar experiments, mechanical and metallurgical works were in full operation in the lower basement; and every form of vital activity, from microscopic specimens to Handel's "Angels, ever bright and fair," sung by Miss Florence Monk, was placed before the eminent theologians and their friends for inspection or criticism. Among the various exhibits, special mention should be made of the models shown by the King's College School Mission, Lower Homerton, conducted by the Rev. E. L. G. Houlding—founder of many good clubs and classes—and the ecclesiastical needlework and panel pictures, the work of the Art College for Ladies, superintended by Miss Bennett, in South Wimbledon. The hangings of flax cloth, or "stayed linen," were of special excellence. The evening was one of pleasing memory, undisturbed by any conflict of dogmas.

A JOURNEY IN MONTENEGRO.

A report from Mr. Baring, British Agent at Cettinje, describing a tour which he recently made in Montenegro, has been laid before Parliament. At present, travelling in that country is perfectly safe and an escort is unnecessary; the people are civil and easy to get on with, but the roads in most cases are bad even for those on horseback. At the famous monastery of Ostrog, about twelve hours' journey from Cettinje, Mr. Baring saw the Montenegrin dance on the terrace at night. It is curious, but not graceful, the dancers displaying wonderful activity and suppleness of limb. "A ring is formed, and a man and woman begin the dance by springing as high as they can into the air with the arms raised above the head. After a few bounds they change sides with a prodigious spring, twisting round in the air as they pass. A couple will dance for a minute or so, and, when exhausted, will be succeeded by another couple, and so on." There is no musical accompaniment. Although everyone carries arms the people are orderly and well-behaved, and no quarrelling was observed. There is only a single road in the whole country—that from Cattaro to Rieka—fit for wheeled traffic, and there is practically no industry, for the pure Montenegrin has "an almost insuperable aversion" to industrial occupations. This is probably due to the old feeling that the trade of war is the only one in which a man can worthily engage. In Cettinje one must have recourse to a foreigner to have the simplest piece of work done; the tailors are from Scutari, the carpenters and painters from Trieste, the masons from Bosnia. The country is purely pastoral and agricultural; sheep and cattle are reared in considerable numbers in the districts annexed to Montenegro by the Berlin Treaty; but there is no market, and the oxen are poor and undersized. Little provision is made to feed the animals in winter, and many of them die of starvation. The forests cannot be used until the communication is improved. In reference to numerous applications from British mercantile houses, Mr. Baring says the import trade is extremely small, and is almost entirely in the hands of Trieste dealers, who give long credits. The imports are mainly groceries, cloth, cotton goods, hardware, glass, crockery—all of the commonest description, except the green and white cloth used for men's coats. If commercial travellers are sent a knowledge of Italian is absolutely indispensable. It has been suggested that a dépôt or store of British goods at Antivari, from which retail dealers could draw supplies, would be advantageous. The manager of such a store, however, would have to know the language, character, and requirements of the people well.

A meeting was held on July 11, at the residence of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, for the purpose of hearing addresses on the present position of the co-operative movement among the labouring classes. Lord Brassey, who presided, said it was satisfactory to know that they had been successful in certain cases in establishing industries upon the co-operative method. In 1886 there were sixty-six productive societies, and the returns of sixty-one of them showed a share capital of £552,814, with a membership of 22,701. In connection with the meeting an exhibition of work produced by the co-operative system was held, in which some twenty-four different societies took part.

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THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

There are about eighty institutions described as "hospitals" within the metropolitan area; but twelve of these are large "general" hospitals, with schools of medicine attached to them. The others are mostly, in some sense or other, "special"—that is to say, they receive only patients of a particular description, as women or children, or patients of a single nationality, or patients suffering from a disease either of some single kind or of some single organ. An hospital for paralysis will serve as an illustration of the former class, and an hospital for diseases of the throat of the latter.

The twelve general hospitals, to which medical schools are attached, had, collectively, during the year 1887, a daily average of 3562 occupied beds; and in the course of the year they received 43,970 in-patients and 511,914 out-patients. The remaining sixty-nine had an average of 2115 occupied beds, and they received 24,648 in-patients and 493,337 out-patients.

Two of the great hospitals, St. Bartholomew's and St. Thomas's, are sufficiently endowed to be independent of contributions from the public; and Guy's, until quite recently, was in the same position. In consequence, however, of the lessened annual value of its estates, Guy's has now been compelled to seek for aid.

All the remaining institutions are at least partially dependent upon subscriptions and donations, and, failing these, are compelled either to refuse patients or to sacrifice investments. The actual total expenditure of the year 1887 is said to have exceeded the total income by nearly £100,000, and the deficiency must, of course, either remain as a debt or be supplied by the aid of such collections as those made on "Hospital Sunday" and "Hospital Saturday."

If we regard the great general hospitals, with their medical schools, it would be difficult to find any other human institutions which do so much good and so little harm. The medical and surgical officers of such hospitals are invariably the fittest men, who have passed satisfactorily through the ordeal of student life under the observation of those by whom they are ultimately selected as colleagues, and who have given proofs of the necessary ability and of the necessary industry at each successive step of their career. The best physicians and surgeons in general practice are often those who have derived their knowledge from what they have been taught at one of the general hospitals, and who bring that knowledge to the relief of numbers whom the hospitals may not directly benefit. Without the hospitals there would be no doctors, either for the rich or for the poor; and the great results, in the way of diminished mortality and of diminished suffering, which the last half century has witnessed, would not have been brought about. Every patient who is cured in a general hospital is a means by which the students and future practitioners of medicine add to their knowledge of the way in which diseases such as his should be controlled; and the indirect benefit to the community is manifestly very great in addition to the good of the immediate cure. For this reason the hospitals which possess medical schools are truly national institutions, not only charities for the benefit of the poor, but of equal value to all classes, and which should, therefore, be supported by all. It would be impossible, in the interests of the State, for any Government to allow them to languish, if a time ever came at which sufficient voluntary support were no longer supplied.

The London Hospital, in Whitechapel, is situated, where it is most needed, in the heart of the vast East-End population, roughly estimated at upwards of a million and a quarter, consisting mostly of artisans, workpeople, dock and railway labourers, sailors, and others, to whom it is the only refuge in cases of accident or serious illness. But this situation, which makes it so useful, renders it at the same time unlikely to attract the notice of the wealthier classes in London.

During the year 1887 there were 8863 in-patients treated within its walls. Of these 2381 were accidents, 3638 were extra urgent cases. There can be no doubt that the necessary closing of the wards of other large general hospitals has pushed a greater number than ever to the London Hospital, where, though the assured income is small and dependence is chiefly resting on voluntary contributions, the generosity of the public in past years has hitherto kept all the wards open. It is only once every five years that an appeal for maintenance is made, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the response to the present appeal may be as sufficient as those to the appeals of 1873 and 1883.

The average stay of an in-patient is nearly a month, at an average total cost of about five guineas, which, for the 8260 newly-admitted patients, makes a necessary expenditure of £43,365; the out-patients costing the comparatively small sum of £7500. No effort is spared to confine the benefits of the hospital to the poor, for whom it is intended—excluding both those who ought to pay for private medical attendance and those who should be dealt with by the parish authorities, except in cases of accident or urgency.

The assured income is little over £16,000, and the Hospital Sunday and Saturday Funds together go but two-fifths of the way to make up the required amount. The London Hospital has during the last few years suffered the loss of some of its most generous supporters by death, and it is to be hoped that others will come forward to supply their place, and that many will send in their names to the secretary promising to subscribe something for the next five years.

It may be mentioned that during the last period, 1883-88, it was found necessary to provide better accommodation for the nursing staff. This has been done, and now every nurse and probationer has her own separate bed-room; but now no enlargement of the hospital is either contemplated or would be desirable, and the pressing need for liberal help at the present time is merely to maintain this great hospital in working efficiency.

The foregoing statements are taken from the circular issued by the committee of management, and signed by the Duke of Cambridge, President; the Bishop of London, Cardinal Manning, Baron Leopold de Rothschild, Vice-Presidents; Mr. J. H. Buxton, Treasurer; and Mr. F. C. Carr-Gomm, Chairman of the house committee.

The first annual dinner of the Liberty and Property Defence League was given on July 12, at the Freemasons' Tavern, the Earl of Wemyss in the chair. Sir Massey Lopes proposed "The Houses of Parliament," and in doing so deprecated over-legislation. The Earl of Wemyss said the object of the League was to uphold liberty, and object to State interference, which they held to be injurious to the prosperity of the country.

In the presence of a large gathering, Mr. MacAndrew, of Westwood House, Little Horsham, Essex, a native of Elgin, recently handed over the Muckle Cross of Elgin, which he has restored, to the custody of the Town Council. At a public banquet held in the Townhall, afterwards, Mr. MacAndrew was presented with the freedom of the city, in reply to which he said it was his early and pleasurable associations with Elgin that had made him present the restored Muckle Cross to the city. The cross, which is built somewhat on the lines of the Edinburgh Cross, was designed by Mr. Sydney Mitchell, Edinburgh.

THE LATE MR. W. E. FORSTER.

Life of the Right Hon. William Edward Forster. By T. Wemyss Reid. Two vols. (Chapman and Hall).—Political biography, in some instances, has seemed to be overlaid with extracts from debates, and with detailed records of Parliamentary or official business, amidst which the man himself is scarcely visible as a constant individual presence. But there is no lack of personal interest, as the reader will soon find, in this truthful and temperate account, by an able Liberal public writer, of the "Life" of one of the most honest and useful of contemporary English statesmen. Mr. Forster, who died on April 5, 1886, in his sixty-eighth year, was indeed a man of so unconventional a character, his thoughts and sentiments and manners were so little moulded by the mere customary fashions of professional politicians, that an appreciative memoir of him could not fail to be engaging by the originality and independence of its subject. Mr. Wemyss Reid has treated the subject well, by allowing it to show itself in the man's public and private actions and expressions, rather than depicting or critically estimating their merits in a lengthened commentary. This book is fair and impartial history, as it appears to those who have a precise recollection of events, and it is not more laudatory than must be approved by the majority of Englishmen, Conservatives and Liberals, old enough to have watched every step of Mr. Forster's career. The significance of that career, in one respect, may be viewed together with those of Mr. Cobden and Mr. John Bright, men with whom Mr. Forster was not very intimately associated. They are eminent examples of the public virtues characteristic of the English commercial middle class, those members of it who have in this age been called by a spirit of duty to take a great part in affairs of State. Mr. Forster was not, indeed, one of those who owed their entrance into politics to the memorable efforts of the Anti-Corn-Law League; nor was he specially addicted to the advocacy of the Free Trade and Economy doctrines of "the Manchester School." Being from his early youth strongly imbued with the principles of Democracy, he differed from many other Radicals of that time in his higher idea of the functions of National Government, and of the rightful powers and responsibilities of the State, which he sought to apply more immediately to the education and protection of the people. He entertained, also, wider aspirations for the exercise of British Imperial power in distant colonies and dependencies, to prevent the oppression of



SILVER WEDDING GIFT FROM OFFICERS OF HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY: LAMP AND CIGAR CASE, IN FORM OF CUIRASSES AND KETTLEDRUMS.

factory of the Peases, at Darlington. He spent some time in London, and assisted his uncle, Sir T. F. Buxton, in correspondence, statistics, and literary work for the anti-slavery crusade. In 1841, he joined Mr. T. S. Fison as a wool-stapler, at Bradford; where, a few years later, with Mr. William Fison, he set up as a woollen manufacturer; and their factory was ultimately removed to Burley, near Otley, in Wharfedale. Mr. Foster seems, like Cobden, to have prospered quickly in business; he resided some time at Rawdon, Aupperley Bridge, but, soon after his marriage, built a new house at Wharfside. In the town of Bradford, among the robust, blunt, hard-headed Yorkshires of the working-class, he won great popularity, sympathising openly with the Chartist in their political aims, while he forbade all idea of resorting to violence. He accompanied his father's benevolent mission to Ireland during the famine, visited Paris in the Revolutionary year 1848, made the acquaintance of Carlyle, Emerson, the Rev. F. D. Maurice, and other persons of literary note, and contributed articles to the *Westminster Review*. In 1850, he married Miss Jane Arnold, daughter of the deceased Rev. Dr. Arnold, the eminent head-master of Rugby School. Mr. Forster then left the religious community of "Friends," called by the world "Quakers," but always kept up affectionate relations with its members whom he had before known. It was in 1857 that he was first proposed as a candidate for a seat in Parliament, and in February, 1861, he was elected for Bradford. In a cursory review of this book, little more need be said of his political career, which continued a quarter of a century without interruption. He was Under-Secretary for the Colonies at the end of 1865, and Vice-President of the Council, really Minister of Education, in 1868, holding office in the Cabinet in Mr. Gladstone's first Administration; and he passed the Ballot Act, in 1872. He was regarded as a fitting successor to Mr. Gladstone as leader of the Liberal Party in 1875, and bore an important part in opposing Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy, having visited Bulgaria and Turkey to obtain information. He was the first Chief Secretary to the Government of Ireland in Mr. Gladstone's second Ministry, directing the prosecution of Mr. Parnell and others, and afterwards ordering the suppression of the Land League, with the arrest, under a special Act, of hundreds of persons suspected of treasonable or seditious practices. Nearly 240 pages of the second volume are filled with the events of Mr. Forster's Irish Secretariate, including private correspondence between him and Mr. Gladstone, which will be perused with much interest. Mr. Forster had more than one narrow escape from assassination at Dublin. In looking back over twenty-five years of such an active Parliamentary life, besides the subjects already noticed, we have to consider his attitude and sentiments with regard to various other questions: the American Civil War, the Alabama Claims, and the Geneva Arbitration; the Russo-Turkish War and its results in 1878; the Afghan War, the Zulu War, the Transvaal and Bechuanaland, the intervention in Egypt, the Soudan, Gordon, and the Khartoum Expedition. Mr. Forster always formed his own opinions, and maintained them with conscientious sincerity; he had the courage to displease some of his party by openly differing with them on several occasions. His integrity was never doubted, for his professions were never belied by his acts; but he gave temporary offence to the educational Secularists, and to some Nonconformists, by preserving the interests of schools founded with a view to religious instruction. On the question of Parliamentary Reform, no Radical was a more steadfast advocate of uniform household suffrage and the equitable allotment of constituencies; indeed, he helped to carry into effect the main principles of the original "People's Charter." His estimable and amiable private life, and the genial warmth of his family affections and social friendships, are shown by various pleasing anecdotes in this biography, which is a sufficiently copious memorial of a true Englishman, a faithful Christian, and a diligent servant of his country. We may call him "justum et tenaceum propositi virum," among the men of our time.

The Bishop of Southwark distributed the prizes to the students of St. Joseph's College, Clapham, on July 12. The principal winners were the five successful matriculation candidates: Gilbert, Hare, Moore, Bonneville, and Watson.

According to the B Bill of Entry, the number of oxen and bulls imported during June was 32,227, against 36,260; 10,240 being received from Canada, against 16,441; and 14,629 from the Atlantic ports of the United States, against 11,745. The number of sheep imported was 86,686, against 98,371—including 56,366 from Germany, against 31,748; and 23,315 from Holland, against 58,594. The number of cows received was 5432, against 5463; calves, 5649, against 5806; and swine, 4293, against 3234.

A number of gentlemen, now on a visit to this country, on July 12 celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of the Canadian Federation by a banquet in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole. Mr. McLeod Stewart (Mayor of Ottawa) presided; and amongst those present were Lord Lansdowne, Lord Knutsford, Sir Charles Tupper (High Commissioner for Canada), the Hon. Oliver Mowat (Premier of Ontario), Sir Adam Wilson (Chief Justice), the Hon. W. E. Sanford, Mr. Dalton McCarthy, Q.C., Mr. D. Macmaster, Q.C., Mr. A. F. McIntyre, Mr. Peter Redpath, Sir Francis De Winton, Colonel Bond (commanding the Wimbledon team), Mr. A. Staveley Hill, Q.C., M.P., Mr. J. H. Dodgson, Mr. J. J. Fellows, Mr. H. G. Beech, Mr. J. E. Colmer and others.



SILVER WEDDING GIFT OF THE TOWN OF KING'S LYNN: THE OLD GREY FRIARS' TOWER.

uncivilised races of mankind. These sentiments were inherent in his mind from the beginning of his manhood; and it is evident that in him they were genuine moral convictions. His latest idea, that of Confederation of the British dominions, was not inspired by the high-flown "Imperialism" of the Beaconsfield period. If he sometimes departed from the teaching of the excellent Quakers who had trained his boyhood, in asserting his readiness to go to war, in South Africa or in the Soudan, for the suppression of inhumanity, while he was a zealous supporter of our military defences, he was, nevertheless, a true friend of peace with all the nations of Europe. The intoxicating pride of Empire and the glitter of martial glory were abhorrent to his disposition. What lay at the bottom of his heart was the duty of the State to its own subjects and dependents. This noble motive, which arises essentially from true democratic views of politics, has never animated an English mind with greater force and constancy than it did that of Mr. Forster. It prompted him to pass the Education Act of 1870; and it sustained him, during the two years from May, 1880, to May, 1882, in his stern conflict with Irish agrarian outrages, simultaneously with relieving and protecting a distressed peasantry by the Irish Land Act. Equality of civil, social, and political rights was a principle deeply engraved in his understanding of national policy; this was his idea of justice, and he preferred it to the indulgence of a vague sentiment of "liberty." The biography, of course, discloses many personal and domestic incidents, which will attract readers who do not stand in need of fresh information concerning Mr. Forster's doings as a politician. His father, William Forster, of Tottenham and Bridport, a most zealous and devoted religious preacher and missionary of the Society of Friends, is known for his charitable labours during the Irish famine of 1847, and among the negro slaves in the United States, where he died. The mother of William Edward Forster was Anna Buxton, sister of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, the eminent champion of the anti-slavery cause, herself likewise an active preacher among the "Friends." As his parents were by no means rich, William Edward Forster, after plain schooling up to the age of seventeen, was placed in a camlet factory at Norwich, to learn the management of the business; and subsequently, in the woollen

ROYAL SILVER WEDDING GIFTS.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been graciously pleased to accept a very handsome and useful present from the officers of the three regiments of Household Cavalry, in commemoration of his "Silver Wedding." It consists of a silver parcel-gilt and enamelled spirit-lamp and cigar-lighter, composed of three cuirasses, with strap and cartouche, surmounted by a guardsman's helmet, the plume of which furnishes the flame; on each side is a kettledrum, with crossed drumsticks for lighters; the whole resting on a moulded ebony plinth, embellished with a chased silver regimental trophy shield, bearing the following inscription:—"To H.R.H. the Colonel-in-Chief, from the officers of the Household Cavalry, March 10th, 1888." We give an illustration of this unique and beautifully wrought piece of plate, which has been manufactured by Messrs. London and Ryder, 17, New Bond-street.

The casket, containing an address of congratulation to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales from the Corporation of Nottingham, was made out of some oaken piles, which about the year 1100 were driven into the bed of the river Trent at Nottingham to form the foundations of the old Trent Bridge, and were taken out in 1878 for the erection of the present new bridge. The carving is late Gothic in character, the lid and ends being conventionally treated with the oak-leaf. The front panels bear shields emblazoned with the Prince of Wales's feathers and the Nottingham borough arms. On the margin of the lid the names "Albert Edward," "Alexandria," and the dates "1863," "1888," are carved in fourteenth-century characters; and in the panel there is a silver plate, engraved with the following inscription, viz.:—"Address from the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the Borough of Nottingham to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales on the occasion of the celebration of their Silver Wedding." The back is ornamented with two elaborate silver hinge-plates and shields bearing an account of the origin of the oak and the names of designer and carver. All the mountings throughout and the key are of solid silver, the latter bearing the borough arms in coloured enamel. The address is an elaborate work of inscription on a vellum scroll, mounted on a blue-grey moire silk, and edged with silver fringe. The casket and address were designed and illuminated by Mr. Arthur Marshall, A.R.I.B.A., architect; the carving was executed by Alfred Middlebrook, a student of the Recreation Evening Classes; and the silver fittings are the work of Mr. J. Till; all of Nottingham.

The Silver Wedding gift presented to their Royal Highnesses by the Corporation of King's Lynn is a model of the "Old Tower," which is regarded with pride and affection by the people of that town. This is the central tower of the church of the Grey Friars; it stood between the nave and the chancel of the church. A piece of the cloisters of the monastery stands southward, and this and the tower are now the only remains of the house of the Franciscans in Lynn. The model is of silver. The form of the roofs of the church is shown by the sloping lines on either side; above these in its elegance and strength rose the tower, perhaps unequalled for graceful beauty. It is in two storeys; the lower one opened into the church, and its beautifully groined roof can still be seen. The tower is hexagonal in form, the northern face being the staircase, which rises above the parapet. The whole building is of brick quoined with stone. The friars built it in the middle of the first half of the fifteenth century; but their monastery was founded in the thirteenth century. It was surrendered to the King on Oct. 1, 1539. Of its history little is known; but scholars of eminence were among its inmates, whose names and works are extant. The



SILVER WEDDING GIFT FROM THE TOWN OF NOTTINGHAM: CASKET FROM WOOD OF PILES OF OLD TRENT BRIDGE.

model is mounted on a black ebony pedestal, with a silver plate bearing this inscription:—"The Grey Friars' Tower, King's Lynn. Presented to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, in commemoration of their Silver Wedding, March 10, 1888, by the town of Lynn. G. S. Woodward, Mayor; T. G. Archer, Town Clerk."

At the present moment, when various schemes of emigration are being discussed, the *St. James's Gazette* calls attention to the plans of the Canadian Pacific Colonisation Corporation, which has recently been registered. The scope of the operations of the corporation are of a novel character, and may be classed mainly under three heads:—(1) The establishment of an agricultural college for the North-West, in which young men can go through a course of agricultural training calculated to fit them for profitably carrying on general farm operations. (2) The development of colonies in desirable centres in which a town will be established provided with clubs, library, reading-rooms, and all other conveniences necessary in a new country to prevent well-educated men degenerating in their leisure hours. (3) The starting and working of supply farms, cheese factories, creameries, and other industries suitable to the locality for the purpose of providing a market for products which must otherwise go to waste or be parted with at unremunerative prices. The work of the corporation will, we understand, be commenced by the acquirement of two properties, the first consisting of a rich tract of land in Manitoba within a short distance of Winnipeg, at present profitably worked for mixed farming, and on which there is a cheese factory in operation. The second property consists of about a hundred square miles of the most fertile country of Alberta district in the North-West, situated about sixty miles east of Calgary, well protected by the shelter of the Rocky Mountains, where cattle can graze all the year round owing to the favourable climate. The site of the first town to be established by the corporation has been selected adjoining the Alberta property, and is to be called Queenstown, and the necessary surveys are being made with a view to selling plots to the numerous persons who are eager to establish stores in the new town, which will be situated about twelve miles from Cluny, on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

THE PLYMOUTH STATUE OF DRAKE.

The tercentenary celebration of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, to which we devoted last week a series of Illustrations, with an historical narrative of that famous action, is commemorated especially at Plymouth, the port from which the English fleet sailed forth, under command of Lord Howard of Effingham, the Lord Admiral, on Saturday, July 20, 1588, to meet the enemy, who had been seen the day before off the coast of Cornwall. The Committee formed at Plymouth to arrange this celebration has not merely a local but a national character, including members resident in various parts of England; but it is intended to erect on Plymouth Hoe, at the sea-front of the town, which is a commanding situation adjacent to the old citadel, between Sutton Pool and Millbay, overlooking the Sound, a Memorial of the Defeat of the Armada, from the design of Mr. Herbert Gribble, architect, which will fitly stand in that place. It will consist of a granite column, with a figure of Britannia on the summit, and with other statuary, bronze portrait medallions, and inscribed tablets. The statue of Sir Francis Drake, on the Hoe, was uncovered about four years ago, not long after another statue of that bold and skilful sailor and valiant fighter had been unveiled in his native town of Tavistock, which is fifteen miles from Plymouth. It may be questioned, indeed, whether the town of Plymouth should not have preferred, as the first object of its local honours, in connection with the defeat of the Armada, to erect a statue of Sir John Hawkins, a Plymouth man, whose part in the series of conflicts that took place during ten days in the English Channel was actually more important than that of Drake, and by whose skill and industry, in his office as chief administrator of the Queen's Navy, the most powerful ships engaged on this occasion had been constructed and fitted out. Drake's fame as a naval warrior truly rests on his exploits of the preceding year, 1587, when he burnt all the Spanish store-ships in the harbour of Cadiz and defied the Spanish fleet at Lisbon, as well as on his frequent successful expeditions to the Canaries and the Azores, to the West Indies and the Spanish Main, from 1572 to 1585. His voyage of circumnavigation, which occupied nearly three years, from December, 1577, to November, 1580, was not undertaken in the interests of geographical science, or of commercial enterprise; nor were his acts of plunder, on that occasion, rendered legitimate by a state of avowed hostility between England and Spain. They were, however, condoned by Queen Elizabeth, who condescended to dine on board his ship at Deptford, and conferred on him the rank of knighthood. His legitimate services in 1587, under a regular commission from her Majesty's Government—of which the Queen repented a few days later, sending a messenger to bid him refrain from injuring the Spanish ports and fleets: happily for England, Sir Francis did not get this message, having already sailed—were of immense value to his country; for the Armada was then in preparation, and it might have arrived some months earlier than it did, and in greater force, had not Drake beforehand wrought such havoc on the coasts of Spain. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that for the special actions of July, 1588, the main credit is due to Lord Charles Howard and Sir John Hawkins, while Frobisher, Lord Henry Seymour, Sir William Wynter (Wintour), Lord Thomas Howard, Lords Sheffield and Cumberland, contributed, equally with Drake, to the victorious result; those last named being chiefly engaged in the final great battle off Gravelines, on July 29, after which Captain Fenner and others pursued the enemy into the North Sea. These remarks are made not in disparagement of Sir Francis Drake, who was one of the bravest and readiest of English fighting seamen that ever lived; but he became the hero of popular anecdotes which have somewhat exaggerated his share in the actual repulse of the Spanish Armada. We hope that Sir John Hawkins will likewise have a statue erected to his memory at Plymouth.

NEW ENGLISH CHURCH AT BELLAGIO.

The new church just completed at Bellagio, on the Lake of Como, North Italy, was formally dedicated, on Whit Sunday, by Bishop Marsden, acting by commission from the Bishop of Gibraltar. Among the congregation was the Bishop of Truro. This church, which has been erected under the auspices of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, is beautifully situated at the south end of the town, and well above the lake. Its style is Early English, and it stands out in pleasing contrast with the Italian buildings of the town. The plinths and



STATUE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE,
ON THE HOE, AT PLYMOUTH.

cappings of the buttresses are of granite from Erba, which lies between Como and Lecco; the walls are of dark blue limestone from Maltrasio, near the well-known Villa d'Este; and the mouldings of the doorways and rose windows are of light cream-coloured limestone from Saltrio. The site was selected, and the general design and arrangements of the church were determined, by Sir John Coode, chairman of the building-fund committee. The architect was Signor Casartelli, of Como, and the contractor was Signor Arighi, of Casnate.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution held on Thursday, July 12, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, its silver medal, accompanied by a copy of the vote inscribed on vellum and framed, was awarded to Mr. William Niles, in recognition of his long and faithful services as coxswain of the Cardigan life-boat. He has assisted to save fifty-three lives from various wrecked vessels. Rewards amounting to £236 were also granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the past month. The Caister No. 2 life-boat rescued the crew, consisting of twenty-seven men, from the ship Tay, of Glasgow, which was totally wrecked on the Hasborough Sands during a strong north-east wind and a heavy sea. The life-boat stationed at Runswick, Yorkshire, piloted safely ashore seven fishing-boats which were in danger, having been overtaken by a heavy gale with a tremendous sea, on Tuesday, July 10. Rewards were also granted to the crew of a fishing-boat and others for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £3025 were made on the 293 life-boats of the institution. New life-boats have been recently sent to Hauxley, Southport, Baddon Ness, and Broughty Ferry.

COLON AND THE PANAMA SHIP CANAL.

A series of Illustrations of the works of the Ship Canal, which is being constructed by the French Company under the presidency of M. Ferdinand De Lesseps, across the isthmus of Panama, to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean, with a correct description of that magnificent undertaking, lately appeared in two Numbers of this Journal. Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, arrived at the Atlantic port of the Canal, which is Colon, near Aspinwall, on Feb. 25, and thence passed in a steam-boat up that portion of the canal already made available for the Company's servants employed in the works. He has also sent us a Sketch of the view in the main street of Colon, with the railroad which runs along its length. The houses of every class, the side pavements, and the wharves of the port, are constructed entirely of timber; and the present town is quite new, having been rebuilt after a fire three years ago. Aspinwall, the terminus of the Panama Railroad, is close by, and is a port of considerable traffic.

LATE SIR W. OWEN LANYON, C.B., K.C.M.G.

At the church of St. Jude, Southsea—which is the property of his cousin, the Hon. Mrs. Nelson Byng, and in which are other memorials of this family—on the fifth anniversary of the death of Lady Lanyon, was opened a side chapel, erected in loving memory of the late Sir W. Owen Lanyon, C.B., and of his wife. The chapel, on the site of the old south porch, externally, is built of flint stones, corresponding with the rest of the church, and has a lean-to roof against the south side aisle, finished by half-gables, with a centre gable pierced by a rose-window. On the east side is a single-light, tracery-headed window. Under the rose-window are the words "In Memoriam" and the monograms of the late Sir Owen and Lady Lanyon. The interior walls are of Bath stone, diapered; and the roof is vaulted and groined in the same material; the panels next to the apex are of tinted glass, to get a top light. A deeply-moulded cut-stone arch, 9 ft. wide, opens into the church. The centre bay of the arch is carried by two polished Devonshire marble columns, having carved cups and bases. In a panel round the arch is the following text:—"Where the wicked cease from troubling and where the weary are at rest." Immediately facing this arch, on a richly-carved table, is placed the white marble monument, designed and executed by Onslow Ford, A.R.A. On the face of the table is the text "She is not dead but sleepeth" (Luke viii. 5). On the table are two polished brass vases, filled with white lilies and other flowers. The window in the east wall is filled with glass painted by Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bains, representing St. Jude. Opposite is a panel corresponding with this window, filled in with Venetian mosaic work by Messrs. Burke and Co. The upper part contains an heraldic design—the arms of the Lanyon and Levy families, the knight's helmet and plumes, the Orders of the K.C.M.G., C.B., and Osmanieh, and the various medals gained by Sir Owen. Below these is the following inscription:

This Monumental Chapel has been erected to the glory of God and in loving memory of Colonel Sir William Owen Lanyon, C.B., K.C.M.G., who died in New York on the 5th day of April, 1887, in his 45th year, and also of his wife, Florence, who died in London on the 6th day of May, 1883, in her 32nd year. They lie in the same grave in Brompton Cemetery, London.

There are two steps of red polished Devonshire marble. The floor is mosaic-work; in which are the initials "F. and W. O. L."; and on the step below, the word "Resurgam." Two brass standards divide the chapel from the side aisle. From the vaulting is suspended a sanctuary lamp of polished brass. The building has been carried out by Messrs. Pinker Brothers, of Havant, from the design of Sir Owen's eldest brother, Mr. J. Lanyon, of Belfast.

Colonel Sartorius, of the 1st Beloochees, who recently marched throughout the Southern Shan and Red Karen country, has made an interesting and elaborate report on the country traversed. He speaks highly of the district. Iron ore of extraordinary richness was found at Saga. Tin is plentiful in Lower Keremie, and coal in abundance exists at the Lowelon mountain. Silver, salt-petre, and sulphur were also found. The Rosambie Lake is described as being as beautiful as the lakes of Cashmere; while the cataracts of Kazor, 130 ft. high, are, perhaps, the finest in the East. Colonel Sartorius dwells on the improvement and revival of trade which have already taken place in districts within reach of the influence of Fort Sedman, where a British garrison is maintained.



MEMORIAL CHAPEL TO THE LATE SIR W. OWEN LANYON AND HIS WIFE.

ST. JUDE'S, SOUTHSEA.



NEW ENGLISH CHURCH AT BELLAGIO, LAKE OF COMO.



ACROSS TWO OCEANS: COLON, THE ATLANTIC TERMINUS OF THE PANAMA SHIP CANAL.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

The first thing I did on arriving in Frankfort was to take my seat in the baronial dining-hall of the Hôtel X—, and to wrestle with the table-d'hôte dinner. Opposite me sat a very gentle and civilised German and his pale, blonde wife, whose delicate face was just beginning to yellow into wrinkles. This worthy pair, evidently well-to-do people, ordered half a bottle of Médoc, which they shared, diluted with much water, and seemed happy. Alas! this spectacle filled me with sadness, for it was a proof that the woes and mockeries of travel had begun. These good people would certainly have preferred their national beverage, beer; but the German hotel tables d'hôte are too stuck-up to permit beer-drinking, and the profits on wine are too great to be sacrificed. In some hotels there is a notice posted to the effect that if you do not drink wine, the dinner will be reckoned one mark dearer.

After a tremendous one o'clock meal, I sallied forth to explore the town, and found it gay, elegant, well-kept, and prosperous. The old town round the red sandstone cathedral abounds in quaint corners and picturesque narrow streets. The river, with its bridges, and its stream dotted with timber-rafts, the glimpses of the town and its towers and spires, the panorama from this point and from that—all amuse the eye and provide subjects for the photographer. On the quay called the Schöne Aussicht, or belle rue, I noticed on No. 17 a memorial-tablet announcing that in this house Arthur Schopenhauer used to live, and I have no doubt he had a good time there, his pessimistic point of view being just as conducive to happiness as any other. In the pursuit of happiness one of the chiefest conditions of success is not so much a point of view as a good stomach, and as Schopenhauer dined contentedly for many years at a table d'hôte, as his biographer tells us, I conclude that he must necessarily have been a man of singularly serene mind and imperturbable powers of digestion.

To judge from the display in the shop-windows the Frankforters are especially proud of two things—the marble group of Ariadne in the Bekmann Museum, which you see reproduced in all materials from alabaster down to gingerbread, and the Imperial family and the three Emperors of 1888. I saw the three Emperors—old William, Frederick, and young William—stamped on pocket-handkerchiefs, cast in bronze and terra-cotta, carved on the bowls of briar-root pipes, painted on porcelain pipes, embroidered on sofa-cushions, printed on fearful chromolithographs. Photographs of the Emperor Frederick on his death-bed, with the Empress shedding big pear-shaped tears on the counterpane, and below the inscription, "Lerne zu leiden ohne zu klagen," are sold by hundreds. As for the present Emperor, his portrait and that of his wife and children are to be seen everywhere, the family groups being especially in favour. And what groups!—the ideal of a Putney green-grocer. The Emperor, in uniform, with his arm round the Empress's waist, standing on the brink of a photographer's imaginary lake, and the Imperial children sitting in a "property" boat. A veritable sentimental German family group!

Towards nightfall the aspect of Frankfort becomes very interesting and amusing. The great show street and promenade in Frankfort is the Ziel, where the fine shops are situated, and where the beaux and the belles walk up and down. At evening, too, the cafés become evident, but they are not audacious and flaunting like those of Paris. As soon as the gas is lighted the curtains are closely drawn, and some of the best cafés are up one or two flights of steps on the first or second floors: the Frankforter, like the Dutchman, seems to prefer to drink his beer in private, far from the eyes of the madding crowd, and the spectacle of the street does not interest him. Very wonderful are some of these cafés, notably one in the Schiller Strasse: a monumental place with wrought iron vines trailing up cast iron pillars and branching out ingeniously into incommodeous hat-pegs; a ceiling decorated with the signs of the zodiac intermingled with cupids, monkeys, and a vague Temptation of St. Antony: walls decorated with frescoes in the style of Schnorr von Carolsfeld; a stupendous bar presided over by a statuesque lady of Flemish proportions; the whole inundated with a blaze of electric light. In this café I fought successfully against a gigantic glass of beer, and read the leader in the *Anzeiger*, in which the writer treated the subject of "Boulangismus," and in a short column and a quarter found means to quote Aristophanes, Cicero, and Madame Roland, translating the original in footnotes for the benefit of the less erudite. Bravo, Herr Doctor! What a blessed thing it is to have frequented the University of Göttingen, and to have learnt to be learned with ostentation!

With its irregular streets and irregular houses, some antique, with quaint gables and innumerable windows; some modern, surmounted by skeleton signs and meshes of telegraph-wires; with its multitude of Renaissance cupolas and bulbous spires, its green masses of shade trees looming up out of the mysterious obscurity, and contrasting with the glaring electric-lamp of some go-ahead "Restauration," Frankfort at night is suggestive at once of New York and of Nuremberg; it is a charming and not inharmonious mixture of past and present—of oldtime ways and nineteenth-century progress.

CASSEL.

Statistics show Cassel to be a town of some 60,000 inhabitants, and the indulgent observer would doubtless pronounce it to be an animated commercial centre. It boasts a vast railway station; a monumental "Regierung" or Government palace; a huge post-office; and a handsome modern Bilder Gallerie, in the most approved Renaissance style, enriched with Greek ornaments, and surmounted by reproductions of the bronze winged "Victory" which is the jewel of the Museum Fredericianum. There is a steam-tramway at Cassel, and horse-cars, and well-paved streets. But all this is of little interest: the charm of Cassel is the old town, such as the Electors made it; the round Königs Platz; the Gothic church, the Friedrichs Platz with its fine eighteenth-century electoral palace, its statue of the Landgrave Frederick II., its Bellevue terrace overlooking the tree-tops of the Aue Park which Le Notre laid out—the Cassel that abounds in quaint old houses with pointed or convoluted gables, and in squares and irregular places planted with luxuriant shade-trees.

At the end of the Bellevue, which is naturally the fashionable promenade of Cassel, is a round temple, or belvedere, in the Neo-Greek style invented by the French architects of the eighteenth century. From here the view is wide-sweeping and imposing. Beyond the park you see the green valley of the Fulda fading away into the blue distance, where the purple hills close it around and form the horizon; in the other direction you see the town climbing up one hill and down another, and finally sloping towards the old castle and the Fulda bridge, and joining the open fields. The comparison with Athens suggests itself: the Bellevue is the Acropolis of Cassel and the Bilder Gallerie its Parthenon. Doubtless, this comparison must have occurred to the old Landgraves who vied with each other in making these German Residenz towns

centres of literary and artistic culture, and who ruined themselves and their subjects in imitating the costly splendour of Versailles and the magnificence of the Grand Monarque. In the making of Cassel there were three influences at work—feudal, French, and Neo-Greco-Roman; exemplified still by the old Schloss, by the Friedrichs Platz and the Aue Park laid out by Le Notre, and by the triumphal arch of the Auether and the new picture gallery which is the outcome of the terrible Neo-Greco-Roman distemper which has been devastating Germany for now a century.

With all this, Cassel, the Cassel of the days of the Electors, is complete in itself with its castle, its archives, its library, its museums, its river, its park, and charming promenades. All that is wanting to make the town absolutely ideal is a handsome old Landgrave at the head of a literary and artistic Court—a Landgrave who would ride in a gorgeous coach, and have his servants dressed in gay livery. If while strolling one evening along the Bellevue the Landgrave's coach should appear, and behind it that of the Chevalier Jacques De Casanova, recently arrived in the town with swindling intentions, nobody would be surprised or embarrassed. Like all the ex-Residenz towns, Cassel has retained something of its courtly past, and all the modern improvements seem to be mere temporary excrescences that have no *raison d'être*.

As you pass along the Friedrichs Platz of an evening you will see in the open loggia of a café a whole family—men, women, and children—sitting calmly around a few beer-pots, thinking matters over and looking for all the world like one of those family portraits by the old Dutch masters—a "Familienbild" by Gonzales Coques, for instance. Such a group might be taken as a symbol of the town of Cassel: it is an old-fashioned place, musing sleepily over the past and accepting the present without enthusiasm, as if it were all a dream.

Cassel an animated commercial town! This is not possible. One cannot reconcile these spacious promenades and shady squares with serious business, except of such a kind as is indicated by a frequent signboard on which is announced this strange combination of commerce: "Wood, Coal, Bottled Beer, and Potatoes"—"Holz, Kohlen, Flaschenbier, Kartoffeln." And, after selling the usual amount of coal, bottled beer, and potatoes, the good tradesmen of Cassel light their penny cigars, and, with their wives and children, take an evening stroll along the Bellevue, admire the "schöne Aussicht," and so to bed. On Sundays, too, in summer, they will take the tramway to Wilhelmshöhe, to see the fountains play. And so they pass their lives in sleepy, charming Cassel, where even the spurs of the military men clink discreetly.

Nevertheless, for the traveller of artistic tastes Cassel must always remain a place of pilgrimage. The Museum possesses a most important collection of pictures, including no less than twenty Rembrandts of the first quality—notably the painter's wife, Saskia Van Ulenbergh, dressed as a bride; the portrait of Nicolaus Bruyning; the portrait of a man in armour; and "Jacob Blessing Ephraim and Manasseh." In order to see such paintings as these one would willingly brave the direst *ennui* and the most porcine developments of German cookery.—T.C.

GOOD SAMARITANS.

Pessimistic philosophers and literary cynics who delight in railing against this world and its inhabitants, and in commenting upon the fever and unintelligibility of life, and the faults and failings, the weaknesses and vices of humanity, are invited to remember the good deeds that are daily being done by Good Samaritans. It is surely something very pleasant to think of: the number of persons who live mainly, if not entirely, for the benefit of their fellow-creatures, and devote themselves with unselfish energy to the task of increasing the sum of human happiness. The moralist often reminds us of the woes and sorrows of the poor, and they cannot be disputed; he tells us of the grievous ills that flow from social inequalities—of the half-starved vagrant that hides his sores and his rags in some loathsome cellar; of the mother who stitches day and night at the slop-seller's hard bargain, in order to keep body and soul together for her children and herself. The picture, God knows! is a gloomy one; but it is only fair to remember the other side of it: to think of the men and women who are never so happy as when penetrating into the haunts of poverty and the abodes of wretchedness, carrying with them material help and practical sympathy—feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, encouraging the despondent, soothing the mourner; and all this without thought or expectation of reward, even of that reward of advertised publicity which falls to the lot of the Good Samaritans who respond to the appeals of charitable associations. There are, alas! too many pilgrims who lie down by the wayside, ill and exhausted, wounded almost unto the death, and for whom no helpful strangers come with oil and bandage to rescue them, and send them on their way rejoicing. There are too many who perish through long waiting. This, however, is not the fault of our Good Samaritans, but of those social difficulties which too often erect an iron barrier between them and the afflicted whom they would only too gladly relieve if they knew of their distressful condition. Perhaps, too, the number of such cases is too great to be overtaken by the agency even of the most active private benevolence. But the fact remains that, to the great honour and glory of human nature, the Good Samaritans are at this very moment engaged in their noble work; and that hundreds of hearts are throbbing with unaccustomed emotions of joy and gratitude, as the tender hands bind up the sufferer's wounds, and the strong arm supports him to his feet, and the consoling voice bids him be of good cheer, for the darkness and the night are passing away, and God's light begins to shine over the distant hills.

I suppose that, at some time or other, most of us need the aid of the Good Samaritan. Few can get through life without sympathy; many are the better for kindly advice; and some would be borne down in the lost battle if no helping hand were extended to them. When we discover the falsehood of the friend in whom we have placed our all of hope and faith; when Death takes from us those whose affection has been our stay and support, and the most precious thing we possessed or could desire; when the great aim and object of our exertions is baffled by unforeseen accidents; when the cherished dream of our young ambition is suddenly and rudely swept aside; when our feet are lacerated by the thorns that have started up in our path, and our spirits sink at the sight of the menacing shadows that gather around it—then it is that we hail with gratitude the inspiring presence of the Good Samaritan, and are reconciled to our lot by the feeling that we are not left to bear the pressure of our anxieties unaided and alone.

I suppose, too, that at some time or other most of us can, in our turn, play the Good Samaritan's part. The poorest can be rich in kindly words, in tender wishes, in earnest prayers; and we may know from our own experience that, in the hour of trial, these may be helpful and profitable exceedingly. If we have not the two pence, like the Samaritan in the parable, we can surely provide the oil and the wine; and if these be wanting, we have still at our disposal the boundless resource of thoughts that breathe and words that glow with the spirit of love and tenderness. Next to the pleasure of receiving a

kindness—and there is no greater pleasure, for it kindles and sustains one's faith in human nature—is the pleasure of doing one. "A brother to relieve," says Burns, "how exquisite the bliss!" When that Good Samaritan had cleansed and bound the wayfarer's wounds, and poured in the oil and the wine, and provided for his future comfort, I can fancy that he walked with a lighter step, and held his head more erect, in the secret consciousness that he had done something for the welfare of his fellow-man. In this way, charity is twice blessed: it blesses him that gives and him that receives, and the Good Samaritan shares in the happiness of which he is the author.

However numerous the ills of life—and I deny neither their number nor their severity—its alleviations are at least as many. Why, there are more Good Samaritans than the world wots of, if you will but take the trouble to look for them, and have the wisdom to make use of them. I think a valuable essay might be written by some competent hand on the therapeutics of books—on their influence in healing or mitigating the maladies of the mind or heart. You will remember that some hints towards so admirable a science are thrown out by Pisistratus Caxton. For the irremediable sorrows of middle life and old age, he recommends the study of a new language; or you may take, like Goethe, to the study of a new science. For hypochondria and satiety, he says, nothing is better than a brisk alterative course of travel; and for that vice of the mind which we call sectarianism, what can equal a large and generous, mildly aperient course of history? "But when some one sorrow, that is yet reparable, gets hold of your mind like a monomania, oh! then diet yourself well on biography—the biography of good and great men." Of this I am convinced: that books are the best of Good Samaritans! They never weary of you; they never change towards you; they are unlimited in their gentle offices; and they expect no gratitude! And you can turn from one to the other at your will, always seeking that which is best adapted to the present trouble. Open your heart, my friend, and let them pour in the oil which will heal your wounds and the wine which will brace up your nerves! Open your heart, and take freely of the consolation which they are ready freely to bestow. To these Good Samaritans you can confide your most secret griefs, and their sympathy will never fail you. They will supply you with whatever you lack the most—courage, hopefulness, patience, fortitude, or forgetfulness. They will rouse you in your despondency; direct you in your perplexity; console you in your anguish. They will take you away from the contemplation of your petty ills, and lift you into a larger sphere of thought and vision. Stanley's "Life of Dr. Arnold"; that wonderful book, the "Imitation of Christ"; Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living"; Pascal's "Pensées"; Bishop Wilson's "Sacra Privata"—of which Matthew Arnold was so fond; Sir Thomas Browne's "Hydriotaphia"; Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus"; Wordsworth's "Prelude": here be friends on whose friendship you may make exhaustive draughts without fear of coming to an end. Here be friends who, whatever your anxiety, will trace it to its cause, and prove to you its littleness. Oh, those great griefs of yours! How small the space which they really fill; how slight, after all, is the scar which they leave behind them! According to Diiodorus, the inscription on the great Egyptian library was, "The Medicine of the Mind." But I prefer to think of books as "Good Samaritans," their companionship being a moral as well as an intellectual good, their beneficence operating on the heart as well as on the brain, on the feelings and emotions no less than on the intellect.

Then Nature also is prepared to fulfil the office of a Good Samaritan for those who will trust themselves to her bosom. She, too, like one's books, is ever at hand—ever ready to receive one's confidences, ever willing to bestow of her benedictions with a generous liberality. She never stinteth her consolation or her encouragement. She gives us of her best, and so elevates the mind into a different and more exalted world; supporting us in gloomy hours by the high thought that we belong to God; upholding, cherishing us, and impressing upon us that "our noisy years" are but as moments "in the being of the eternal Silence." With one impulse from a vernal wood, with one breath of fragrance from a flowering hedgerow, she fills the veins with fresh activity and banishes the cobwebs which have gathered about the inactive mind. The majestic silences of the mountains or the mysterious voices of the seas, the cheerful splendour of the summer morning or the solemn pomp of the sunset, the bright gaiety of the ripening corn-fields or the austere solitude of the autumnal groves—with these she will soothe or stimulate the soul, restrain or support it, according to its necessity. Therefore, be you once and always a lover of the meadows, the woods, and the mountains—of all that this green earth commands—of all the mighty world of eye and ear, both what they half create and what they only perceive:—

Well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of your purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of your heart, and soul
Of all your moral being—

in a word, the Good Samaritan, who waits, with largesse of oil and wine, to minister to your needs, be they great or little.

I might invite the reader to look at Art in the capacity of a Good Samaritan, and dwell upon the consolation which it may be made to afford, and the lessons which can be extracted from it; but I have said enough, if I have succeeded in indicating certain sources as available for our inspiration, our strength, our recuperation, in the manifold chances and changes of life, when the "helping hand" of friend or benefactor may not be forthcoming; or, as supplemental to that "helpful hand," and yielding a more permanent and less onerous pleasure. But, after all, when we are in want of the Good Samaritan, the best thing we can do is, according to our means, to play the Good Samaritan to others. While we are binding up their wounds, be sure our own will heal! W.H.D.A.

The sale of the Londesborough collection was concluded on July 11, when the Celtic and Saxon antiquities, coins, &c., were disposed of. The total realised by the six days' sale of 980 lots was £25,647.

The *tableaux vivants* at the Anglo-Danish Exhibition, which were temporarily suspended on account of the Silver Wedding Fête, have been resumed, and are supplemented by a special performance twice daily by the Hayward troupe. The Amager peasants, who were absent from the Danish Village during the Silver Fête, have also resumed their vocation.

The new church of St. Philip, Buckingham Palace-road, in the parish of St. Michael, Chester-square, was consecrated on July 12 by the Bishop of Marlborough. The church is close to Ebury-square and the Grosvenor Working-Men's Club, and will supply church accommodation, especially for the poorer classes in that district. The seats, numbering about 750, are to be free and unappropriated. The church site has been presented as a free gift by the Duke of Westminster, who has also contributed the munificent sum of £5000. A district will shortly be given to the church, of which the Rev. W.C. Gib is the Vicar-Elect. Some handsome gifts have been presented, including a new organ by Colonel Paley.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 10, 1887) of the Right Hon. Jane Frederica Harriot Mary, Countess of Caledon, late of Tyttenhanger Park, St. Albans, Herts, who died on March 30 last, was proved on July 7 by the Hon. Walter Philip Alexander, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. The testatrix makes bequests to her son, the Earl of Caledon, and her other children; and gives legacies to her maid and servants. Some articles of jewellery are made heirlooms to go with the mansion-house at Caledon, in the county of Tyrone. The residue of her property she leaves to her three younger children, Walter Philip, Charles, and Jane Charlotte Elizabeth.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Sheriffdom of Berwick, of the disposition and settlement (dated May 21, 1886) of Sir William Marjoribanks, Bart., J.P., D.L., of Lees, Berwickshire, who died at Torquay on Feb. 22 last, granted to Dame Frances Anne Marjoribanks, the widow, Watson Askew, and Charles Bowman Logan, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on July 3, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £25,000.

The will (dated Dec. 15, 1886) of the Rev. Robert Andrews, late of Middleton, Essex, who died on April 28 last, was proved on July 5 by George William Andrewes, the brother, George Lancelot Andrewes, the nephew, and Henry Crabb Canham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £94,000. The testator gives one fifth of all his real and personal estate to the children of his brother George William and the issue of any deceased child; one fifth is given, in a similar manner, to the children of his brothers Charles and William Nesfield, and his sister Ann; and the remaining fifth to the children, and the issue of any deceased child, of his sister Frances Jane Fearon, except Charles Tatham Fenton, who is otherwise provided for.

The will (dated Aug. 16, 1887) of Mr. Frank Ash Yeo, J.P., M.P. for the Gower Division of Glamorganshire, late of Sketty Hall, in that county, who died on March 4 last, was proved on June 21, by Mrs. Mary Dawson Yeo, the widow, Frank Cory Yeo, the son, and John Viriamu Jones, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £68,000. The testator bequeaths all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, effects, horses and carriages, and £7000 to his wife; £3000 and certain shares of the nominal value of £38,000 to his son Frank Cory; certain shares of the nominal value of £40,000 to his son John Arthur Ash; and legacies to his executor, Mr. Jones, to his brother, and to a nephew. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife and his five children, Frank Cory, Mary Woollacott Goodwin, Sarah Louisa, Ethel Jane, and John Arthur Ash, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 19, 1888) of Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, F.R.G.S., J.P., D.L., formerly M.P., late of Frampton Court, Dorsetshire, who died on May 2 last at No. 33, Wimpole-street, was proved at the Blandford District Registry on June 28 by Algernon Thomas Brinsley Sheridan, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being sworn under £50,000. The testator makes provision for his daughter, Helena Charlotte; and appoints to his said son certain moneys in settlement. The Stafford Vase, and his plate, jewellery, books, pictures, &c., are made heirlooms to go with Frampton Court, but his daughter is to have the use for life of part. He bequeaths £100 Three-per-Cent Consols, upon trust, the income to be applied in tending as a garden the piece of ground added by him to the churchyard of Frome Vauxchurch; and there are bequests to Adelaide Budden and to the widow of his bailiff. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said son.

The will (dated Nov. 20, 1883) of Mr. Benjamin William Farey, late of "Salamanca," Farquhar-road, Upper Norwood, who died on May 9 last, was proved on June 27 by Mrs. Eliza Farey, the widow, Edward Farey, and Charles Westley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £41,000. The testator leaves £1000 to his nephew, Arthur John Ikin; an annuity of £60 to his uncle, James Barnard; £100 each to his executors, Mr. Farey and Mr. Westley; £10,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then as to £4000 for each of his wife's nephews, Charles Barnard Westley and Arthur William Westley, and as to £2000 to Barnard Rood; and the residue of his property to his wife.

The will (dated March 30, 1882), with three codicils (two dated Dec. 11, 1885, and the other May 7, 1888), of Mr. John Bruce, late of South Park, Wadhurst, Sussex, who died on May 16 last, was proved on July 4 by John Warrington Haward, Edward Horsman Bailey, and William Robert White, the executors, except as to property in the United States or elsewhere out of the United Kingdom, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £34,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 each to St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park-corner, and the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond-street; £1000 each to the Scottish Hospital in London of the foundation of Charles II, and the Royal Caledonian Asylum, Caledonian-road, Holloway; £12,000 to Mr. J. W. Haward, in gratitude for his professional services as a surgeon; £3000 to another surgeon; £7000 to his valet; £2500 each to his two nurses; £3000 to his architect; £2000 each to his coachman and footman; £1000 each to his gardener, second coachman, and footman; £600 to his housekeeper; and other considerable legacies. As to the residue of his property, he gives one half to the said Mr. J. W. Haward, and the other half between his cousins, William Nicoll and Henry D. Nicoll.

The will (dated June 16, 1879) of Mr. Thomas Rider, J.P., late of Boughton Park, Boughton Monchelsea, Kent, and Saint Clears, in the county of Carmarthen, who died on March 25 last, was proved on June 26 by George Lloyd, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £17,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his daughter, Caroline.

The will of Mr. Joseph Yellowly Watson, F.G.S., J.P., late of Thorpe Grange, Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex, who died on May 18 last, was proved on July 9, by Joseph Yellowly Watson and William Hudson Howard Watson, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £12,000. The testator gives legacies to his wife and children. All his real estate (not under settlement) and the residue of his personal estate, he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for the use of herself and his unmarried daughters; and on her death to be realised and divided among his children, the same as the settled property.

The annual dinner in aid of the funds of the Metropolitan Hospital, formerly known as the Metropolitan Free Hospital, was held on July 11 at the Hôtel Métropole. The chairman in the course of his speech said the London hospitals got £650,000 a year, and of this only £42,000 was received from the patients who go there, while the institutions were at the present moment £100,000 a year short of the money necessary to carry them on. In conclusion, he appealed for funds for the hospital, which, he said, was unable to occupy all its beds because of the difficulty in getting money at the present time. The subscriptions amounted to £2031.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

MESCAS (Potosi, Mexico).—The problem is undoubtedly wrong, and has often been proved so. In your proposed solution, however, you fail to notice the effect of a check on Black playing 4. Kt to Q 5th and 5. Kt to K 5th (ch). The following seems a quicker way than the published answer:—1. Q to B 4th (ch), R interposes; 2. Q to B 8th (ch), R interposes; 3. Q to K 6th (ch), R interposes; 4. K to R 6th, any move at K to B sq (a); 5. Q to K 8th (ch), R interposes; 6. Q to K 7th, R to B 2nd; 7. Q to K 5th (ch), R moves, and mates next move. If (a) Black play 4. K to B 8th, then 5. B to Q 4th, &c.

PENNY ANDREA (Clapham).—It to Q Kt 6th does not solve No. 2307, so that the correction still requires correcting.

SIGNOR ASPA.—Thanks for problems. No. 1 is too easy, and, as good port ought to be curiously old. The other is good, and shall appear in due course.

J. DIXON (Colchester).—We give the latest news up to the time of going to press.

H. COOPER (Haileybury).—Your problem shows some idea of construction, but Black is too much overwhelmed from the first.

J. DALY (Clapham).—Please send a diagram of your amended position. We do not clearly understand your corrections.

T. RAIT (Moosejaw, Canada).—Allowance is always made for solvers living so far away. In your proposed solution of No. 2303 there is no mate when Black plays K to Kt 3rd, as the K takes P when Q plays to B 5th for that move. In No. 2304, after 2. Q to K 2nd, B interposes.

J. W. MARCHANT.—In Problem No. 2305 the move is wrongly printed; it ought to have been 1. B to K 6th, not B 6th. In No. 2304, if Q B P takes Q, then 2. B takes P (mate).

C. E. P.—Your answer to No. 2307 did not reach us. You are wrong in thinking there is a second solution by 1. B to R 7th, for the simple reason there is not a B on the board. With regard to 2305, see below.

NUMEROUS correspondents write as about No. 2305, requiring to know why K to Kt 2nd does not solve the problem. The defence is 1. Q takes B, and when White continues, as our solvers propose, by 2. Kt to B 7th, Black replies with 2. Q to Kt 5th (ch), and no mate follows.

PROBLEMS received, with thanks, from Mrs. W. J. Baird, F. Healey, J. G. Campbell, A. Newman, and L. Desanges.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2304 received from G. Hewitt (Middle Colaba); of No. 2309 from Columbus, J. W. Shaw (Montreal), T. Mann (New York), and An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.); of No. 2307 from A. Wheeler, C. E. P., G. Boys, Joseph T. Pullen, and J. D.; of No. 2308 from A. Wheeler, J. W. Marchant, E. E. Boys, T. Schimmeke, Joseph T. Pullen, W. Shaw (Sheffield), Dame John, John G. Grant, E. Crane, Farsley Baptist Institute, James Sage, Sergeant, Hereward, Nos Redna (Leeds), T. Boening, and W. P. Welch.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2309 received from W. R. Railton, Joseph T. Pullen, A. Wheeler, J. A. Schimmeke, B. H. Brooks, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), R. Worters (Canterbury), Dame John, A. Hunter, Justice J. J. Lucas, E. Casella (Paris), A. Newman, J. Hepworth Shaw, T. G. Ware, W. W. W., Thomas Chown, Dr F. S. Julia Short, E. E. Boys, James Sage, Sergeant, T. Roberts, D. McCay, Major Prichard, G. J. Veale, Percy Anatra (Clapham), R. F. N. Banks, Shadforth, and E. Phillips.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2307.

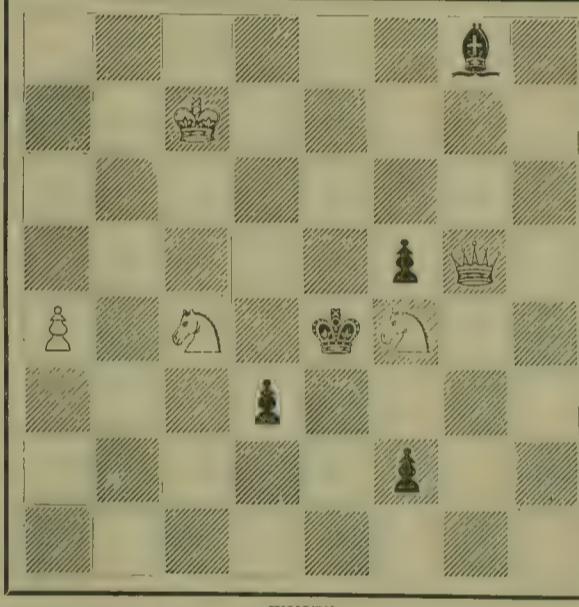
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to R 3rd	Kt to Q 5th
2. Q to B 5th (ch)	K takes Q
3. R takes R, Mate.	

If Black play 1. K to K 5th, then 2. Q to Q 3rd (ch), &c.; if 1. R to K 6th (ch), then 2. Q takes R, &c.

PROBLEM NO. 2311.

By GODFREY HEATHCOTE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the match between Mr. JACOBS and Mr. LOMAN. (*Irregular Opening.*)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to R B 4th	P to Q 4th	17. P to K 3rd	Q takes Kt
2. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	18. R to B 3rd	Kt to K 5th
3. Kt to K B 2nd	P to Q 4th	19. R to R 3rd	P to K B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	Black meets the attack, such as it is, steadily. The last two moves are well-timed.	
5. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to K B 3rd	20. P to K Kt 4th	B to B 3rd
6. P to Q R 3rd	B to K 2nd	21. P to Q 4th	
7. B to Kt 5th	B to Q 2nd	Shutting the B out of the game, and allowing the adverse Kt to take up a strong position at K 5th.	
8. Castles		22. P to K Kt 5th	B to Q 3rd
		23. B to K B 3rd	B to Q sq
		24. B takes Kt	Kt to K 5th
		25. B takes P	B P takes B
			A bold but unsound sacrifice. The R can be safely taken.
		26. R to Q 8th (ch)	K takes R
		27. P to Kt 6th	R to B 4th
		28. Q to R 7th (ch)	K moves
		29. Kt to Kt 5th	
			Q to R 8th (ch) and taking the P would have been better; but the K could escape, and the game is lost in any case.
		30. B to R 3rd	K to K sq
		31. Q takes P	B to K 2nd
			P takes Kt, and White resigned.

Tyneside chess has suffered a great loss by the death of Mr. William Mitchellson, for thirty years one of the most prominent players in the district. He particularly distinguished himself by his studies in Pawn-end games, some fine examples of which were contributed to Mr. Staunton's periodical, the *Chess World*. Many others appeared in various chess columns, and their peculiar ingenuity delighted students wherever the game was played. He was also a well-known problem composer, and, for many years, a contributor to this column.

The match between Messrs. Jacobs and Loman, at the City Chess Club, one of the games of which is given above, terminated in favour of the former gentleman, who scored 7 against his opponent's 4.

In the British Chess Club Handicap Mr. Blackburne has succeeded in raising his score to 10; and, as he has one more game to play, it is probable the result will be a tie between him and Mr. Gunsberg for first and second prizes.

A conference of the representatives of commercial interests and members of Parliament was held at the rooms of the Society of Arts, on July 11, to consider the Bill recently introduced into the House of Lords by the Lord Chancellor to amend the Companies' Act. Mr. Chamberlain condemned the measure as bad by reason both of what it contained and what it did not contain, and said he was not sorry it was to be included among the proposals which the Government had decided to abandon. A resolution was adopted declaring that no legislation on the subject would be satisfactory which did not include provision for the winding up of insolvent limited liability companies in the local bankruptcy courts in the same way as insolvent private firms or individuals.

NOVELS.

The Fatal Three. By the author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c. Three vols. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.).—Miss Braddon's power of conceiving and conducting to its final crisis a story of passionate and sympathetic interest has not been exhausted by nearly fifty works of that kind; while she has risen into a purer moral atmosphere, and her later novels commend themselves, in a high degree, to minds seriously occupied with the problems of right living and duty. It is to be regretted that a tale of modern English domestic life, involving personal embarrassments caused by the English High Church prejudice against marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and in which there is no suggestion of supernatural agencies, should bear a title alluding to the Greek Fates. "Clotho, or Spinning the Thread," "Lachesis, or the Meter of Destiny," and "Atropos, or That which Must Be," could well be spared from their nominal presidency over the incidents told, respectively, in each of these three volumes. The proper functions ascribed to them by ancient mythology were concerned with the single life of an individual, not with the dramatic development of mutual relations between several persons, in which all human experience finds the inevitable effects of preceding actions and situations. But this is not, after all, a fatalist story; for the heroine, Mildred Greswold, owes her mental sufferings to a mistaken religious idea, and to her own voluntary choice under its influence; while her husband's distress is the result of a combination of incidents, in his earlier life, the actual bearings of which are long misunderstood; and in the end, when these are discovered, the problem that has separated an affectionate wedded pair is happily solved. The subject, therefore, is entirely free both from real guilt of any kind, on either part, and from the gloomy heathenish notion of an overwhelming necessity for inflicting or enduring evil; there is no slavery to wrongful passions, no vindictiveness, no hatred of anybody. With all this wholesomeness and gentleness of feeling, there is abundant strength of purpose, and the conflicting currents of emotion flow with unfailing force. In explanation of the plot, which has the merits of originality and possibility, it may be stated that Mildred is the daughter and heiress of Mr. John Fausset, a wealthy retired merchant, who in her childhood, against the wish of Mrs. Fausset, brought to his house an older girl, of unknown parentage, said to be a distant relation of his own family; this girl, called Fay, was disliked and slighted by Mr. Fausset's jealous wife, suspecting her to be an illegitimate child of his, born some years before his marriage. Fay was soon packed off to a Brussels boarding-school, and nothing more has been heard of her until long after Mr. and Mrs. Fausset have died. Mildred, in the mean time, has grown up, and has become the wife of George Greswold, a country gentleman, who is an excellent husband. Their happy life at Enderby Manor, near Romsey, their care for the poor of the village, the outbreak of typhoid fever, owing to the accidental poisoning of milk with water from a condemned well, and the death of their only child, are described with pathetic tenderness, and with minute truthfulness of detail. Grief has a strange effect on George Greswold, who is liable to fits of depression, in which he talks wildly to himself, as he does also in his sleep. Overhearing some words, Mildred is led to fear that he is oppressed with the secret memory of some terrible event in his earlier life. They meet, unfortunately, in the society of their country neighbours, an Italian named Castellani, educated in England, an accomplished musician, and author of an admired book, who knew Greswold formerly at Nice. He reminds Greswold that they met, as he says to him, "soon after your first marriage." Mildred had never before heard that her husband was a widower at the time she married him; and his having concealed this fact, along with his mysterious suffering from some painful reminiscences, of which he refuses at first to give any account, excites grievous apprehensions in her mind. She loses confidence in him, and there is a certain degree of estrangement; but one day, frankly and tenderly appealing to him for an explanation, she is shown the photograph of his first wife, in whom she recognises Fay, the companion for some months of her childhood. Mildred had been told by her mother, Mrs. Fausset, that she had sufficient grounds for believing Fay to be Mr. Fausset's daughter before they married. The identification of Fay with George Greswold's first wife might not seem a very dreadful matter; but a section of the Anglican clergy has imposed on feeble and ignorant people the utterly false opinion, derived from stupidity or fraud in the Dark Ages, denounced by all Protestant communions, and belied notoriously by frequent special dispensations from the heads of the Roman Catholic Church, that for a woman to marry a man who has once married her sister is a sin of "incest." Poor Mrs. Greswold, being the victim of this cruel delusion and of the baneful counsels of her favourite clergyman, the Rev. Clement Canceller, believing that Fay was her half-sister, fancies it is her duty to forsake a most affectionate and faithful husband, though her union with him stands perfectly valid in law. She goes abroad, with his niece, Miss Pamela Ransome, and on the shores of Lake Maggiore again encounters Castellani, who basely proposes to take advantage of her unprotected position. Being scornfully repelled, he taunts her with having taken for a husband a man suspected of murdering his first wife. She then goes to Nice, gets information from a resident there, Lady Lechinvar, and learns that George Greswold, in his youth, having married a young Englishwoman studying music at Milan, lived unhappily with her in a lone cottage near Nice, till she was killed by falling from a cliff. He was accused of the crime, but as he seemed to be insane, was released after being confined in the local public asylum. Mildred's visit to this place, and her personal inquiries, which are admirably narrated, convince her that he was not guilty of the murder, while they fully account for his agonising remembrances. On her return to England, though she hastens to see her unhappy husband—a scene described with much depth and delicacy of feeling—she persists in living apart from him, and, resolving to devote herself to labours of religious charity, joins Miss Fausset, her father's sister, a rich elderly lady at Brighton, who is the zealous and munificent patroness of Church work in that town. Mildred appears likely to succeed her aunt, whose health is declining, in this career of devout and pious effort, and never to resume her proper place as a wife; but a still more astonishing discovery is in store for her. Among the old papers left by her father, she accidentally finds a bundle of letters proving that Miss Fausset herself, betrayed by a mock marriage with Castellani's father, was the mother of Fay, whom her brother had privately educated before attempting to introduce her into his house, and who afterwards took a different name. This, of course, puts an end to Mrs. Greswold's scruples, and she returns at length to cheer the home of an excellent man who had been very severely tried; while Miss Fausset, who had been somewhat of a hypocrite, and was unnaturally averse to her own

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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A STATESMAN'S RETREAT.

A statesman in the retirement of his Tusculum is always a pleasing picture—the contrast is so great between the forum and the council-chamber, and the sunny seat on the garden terrace or the quiet nook in the blooming orchard. For my part, I think Charles James Fox at St. Anne's-hill a much more lovable and attractive figure than Charles James Fox at St. Stephen's. His moral nature seems to have been purified and elevated by the fresh rural air, and all that was best in the man developed by the sweet sunshine of Heaven, which he enjoyed so thoroughly. One sees in him the fond, devoted husband, the genial host, the kind master, the faithful friend, and, not least, the accomplished scholar, whose love of letters graced and beautified his leisure. Fox thundering in the House of Commons against an irresistible majority I regard as altogether an ignoble and certainly a much less happier person than Fox at St. Anne's, discussing, with fine critical taste, the classics of Greece and Rome, or the masterpieces of French and Italian literature. It is curious to note that of the Latin poets he preferred Ovid, though Horace has been the usual favourite with men of the world: of the Greek tragedians, Euripides, with his profound pathos; and of the ancient historians, Herodotus, with his large simplicity and genial receptivity. He was a great student of the drama, and of our old English poets an assiduous reader and warm admirer. Sometimes he beguiled an idle hour at St. Anne's by writing versos, which were about as good as most of those verses which clever men write who are not poets.

From his correspondence with his young nephew, Lord Holland, it appears that he was well acquainted with the Spanish as well as Italian authors. On one occasion he writes: "I will keep your books for you, nor do I know that there are any, except perhaps the 'Parnass' [a collection of Spanish poems] that I shall beg of you. I have hitherto looked very little into them. I read one novel, 'El Cocheo honroso,' which I thought very poor; one thing in Cadao, 'La Violeta' [a prose satire], or some such name, which I like exceedingly; and 'Galatea' [a pastoral romance, by Cervantes], in which there are many pretty things, but not much genius. Cervantes's style in this, and, I think, in some other things, appears to me to be formed entirely upon Boccaccio—whom, by-the-way, I do not know that he anywhere mentions—and it appears to me to be forcible, or affecting, or descriptive, precisely in proportion as it resembles its original." Again, he writes: "I have been reading Ariosto, and I declare I like him better than ever. If I were to know but one language besides my own, it should be Italian." And next he has something to say about the immortal poet to whom a great living statesman has devoted a much closer and more scholarly, if not a more loving, consideration: "If you will not read the 'Iliad' regularly through," he says, "pray read the tenth book, or, at least, the first half of it. It is a part I never heard particularly celebrated; but I think the beginning of it more true in the description of the uneasiness in the Greek army, and the solicitude of the different chiefs, than anything almost in the poem. . . . You see, I have never done with Homer, and, indeed, if there was nothing else, except Virgil and Ariosto, one should never want reading."

At St. Anne's, Fox received his intimate friends, delighting them by the fresh flavour of his conversation, and drawing them to him by the warmth of his nature and the kindness of his disposition. Everybody knows the inscription on the monument of the accomplished Elizabethan, Fulke Greville,

Lord Brooke—"Here lies Fulke Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney." But everybody may not remember that a similar boast of honourable friendship is made by Lord John Townshend, who desired to be described on his gravestone by the title of which he was proudest—"The friend and companion of Mr. Fox." There was something in Fox that laid hold upon men's hearts: I suppose it was the keen interest he took in everything connected with the people he knew. He made them feel that he was concerned for them and about them; and you can pay a man no greater compliment than to show that you value him so much as to care about what befalls him.

How delightful, says Earl Stanhope, must Fox have been as a companion! How frank, how rich, how varied his flow of conversation! 'Twas certainly no small privilege to be admitted to his beautiful rural retreat; to sit by his side beneath the cedars which he had planted; to hear him in eloquent discourse upon the books he loved and the men he knew. Mr. Greville tells us that Talleyrand was never tired of extolling upon Fox's simplicity, almost boyish gaiety, vivacity, and yet, at times, his profoundness. And ah! with what sunny humour did he make a jest of his indolence at St. Anne's! Once, when Rogers remarked on the pleasantness of lying upon the greensward all day with a book in one's hand, the idler rejoined: "Yes; but why with a book?" Though, perhaps, there was more wisdom than idleness in this rejoinder, since a man ought, at times, to suffice to himself. How genial was his aspect, when, walking with slow, gouty feet, but with radiant countenance, and a laugh in his voice, along his garden alleys, he expanded his broad breast, inhaled the fragrant airs, and, at intervals, exclaimed: "Oh, how fine a thing is life!" He had a keen relish—this giant of debate, this Ajax of the political arena—for the sweet sights and sounds of Nature; and enjoyed, with an unrestrained enjoyment, the pleasure of a warm, June day, or a balmy April morning, with "a sweet, westerly wind, a beautiful sun, all the thorns and elms just budding, and the nightingales just beginning to sing." In one of his letters, our statesman-off-duty exclaims, in a kind of lyrical rapture: "If ever there was a place that might be called the seat of true happiness, St. Anne's is the place!" Here he loitered about the green fields, plucked the scented blossom from the hawthorn-hedge, and with curious eye watched the growth of his vegetables and fruits. "Where is Fox now?" said a friend to General Fitzpatrick, at a critical moment in the French Revolution, "Where is Fox now?" "I dare say he is at home," was the answer, "sitting on a haycock, reading novels, and watching the jays steal his cherries!"

The grounds, which were very agreeable, with some admirable prospects of wood and water, Fox liked to see kept in excellent order. He erected at different points a small temple as a memorial of Henry Lord Holland attaining his majority, a grotto, and some vases with poetical inscriptions. Such things were according to the taste of his day; they were the juvenilities of the art of the landscape-gardener. Altogether, he was so happy at St. Anne's that one wonders St. Stephen's could ever draw him from it. To be the leader of a great political party—to be the object of the eulogies of one half of your countrymen and the target of the execrations of the other half—is, no doubt, a grand and glorious position; but there are some among us who can never be persuaded that the fever and unrest of the Forum furnish anything like a satisfactory equivalent for the repose and tranquillity of the

W. H. D.A.

EDISON'S PERFECTED PHONOGRAPH.

The improved apparatus devised by Professor Edison, of Orange, New Jersey, in the United States, to perfect his wonderful acoustic machine, by which spoken words or music, inscribing their precise tones, syllables, and accents, on cylindrical rollers of wax, can be afterwards repeated at any distance of place and time, continues to excite public curiosity. We gave last week an illustration of the hearing of the first message from America, a letter dictated to the machine by Mr. Edison, in his laboratory, at three o'clock in the morning, on June 16, which was repeated, without the loss of a word, on July 25, by a corresponding machine, at the house of his agent in England, Colonel Gouraud. Little Menlo, Beulah Spa, Upper Norwood; the waxen record or "phonogram" having been sent to England by mail steam-ship. The illustration given in the present Number, from a photograph, is that of Mr. Edison speaking this message to the machine; and, in order to render the parts of the instrument more clear, the following explanation will be interesting. To the left is the electric motive power, in this case a bichromate bottle battery. To the right of this is the motor box; above it is the regulator. Under Edison's recording or speaking tube is the wax cylinder, placed over an iron core. The projecting rod in front of the cylinder is an index to the contents of the phonogram. In front of the box are three wax cylinders or phonograms. In front of these is a branched tube, the "earphone," for more certainly excluding outside noises; this is to be fitted over the receiving tube—that on the frame to the left of the recording tube. By a swift and exact arrangement, either of these tubes can be shifted, when required, to its place over the wax cylinder.

We are informed that extensive preparations have been made, in America, for the manufacture of these machines; the works at present under construction having a capacity of making two hundred machines a day. There will be a variety of forms of phonographs adapted to different purposes, and of various prices. The form to be first made available to the public will be similar to the one sent to Colonel Gouraud by Mr. Edison, and is expected to be sold for about £20. It will be found both useful and amusing.

Rear-Admiral Robert A. E. Scott has been awarded the Flag-Officer's Greenwich Hospital pension of £150 a year, void by the death of Admiral George Goldsmith.

The competition for the Charles Lucas Medal at the Royal Academy of Music was decided on July 14. The prize was awarded to Dora Bright.

The Bishop of Rochester presided on July 16 at a meeting of his diocesan society, when the following grants were made:—£250 for the church of St. Barnabas, Gillingham; £100 towards the endowment of St. Luke, Reigate; £200 for a parsonage for the parish of St. Stephen, Pattersham; and £1063 for stipends of mission-clergymen, scripture-readers, and mission-women.

In London 2520 births and 1288 deaths were registered in the week ending July 14. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 205, and the deaths 460, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 1 from small-pox, 26 from measles, 18 from Scarlet fever, 24 from diphtheria, 32 from whooping-cough, 12 from enteric fever, 1 from an undefined form of continued fever, 72 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and 3 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs were 164, being 43 below the average.

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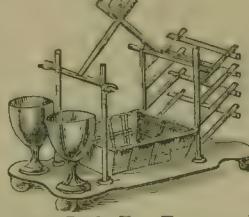
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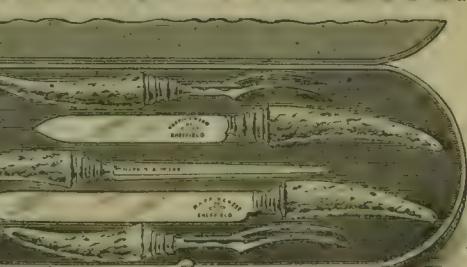
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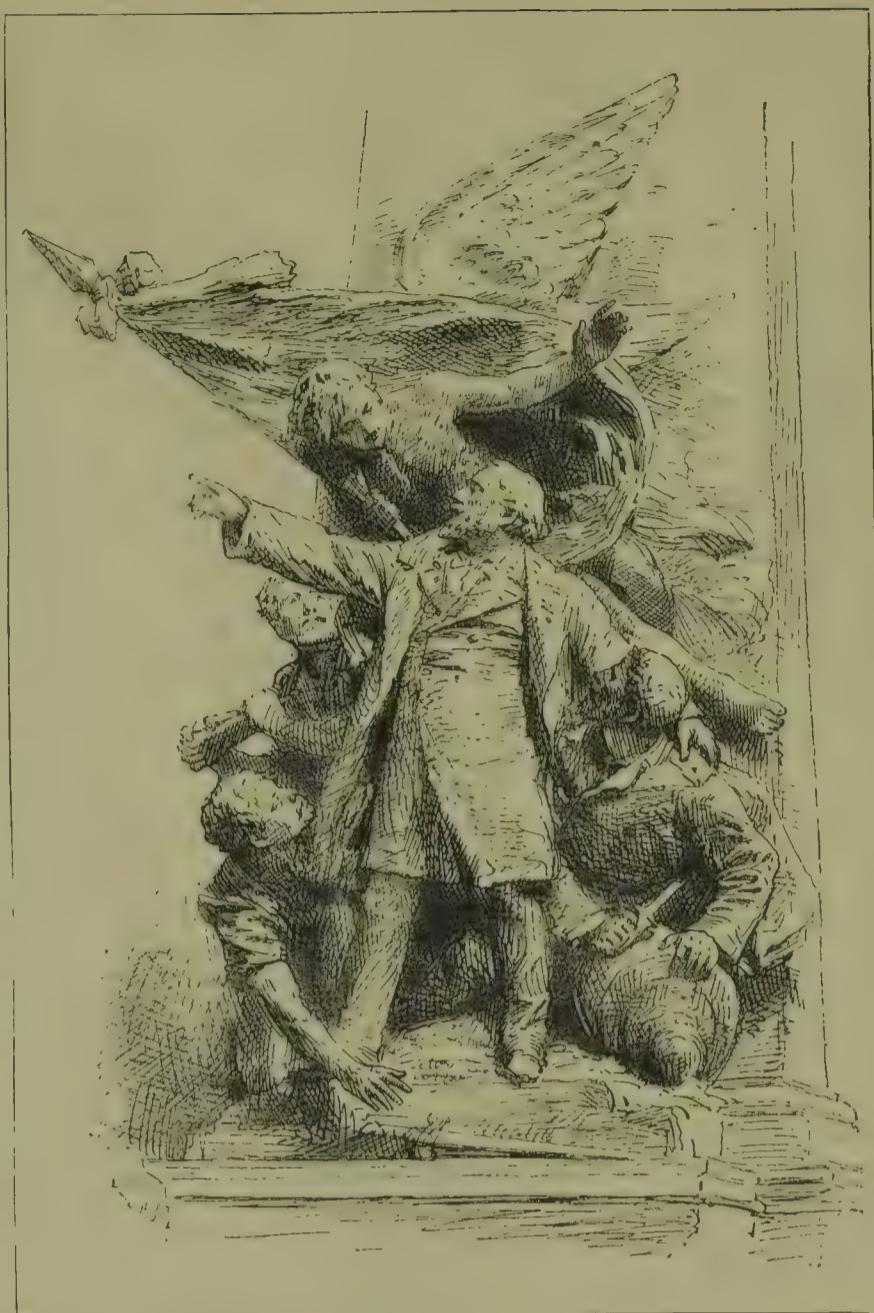
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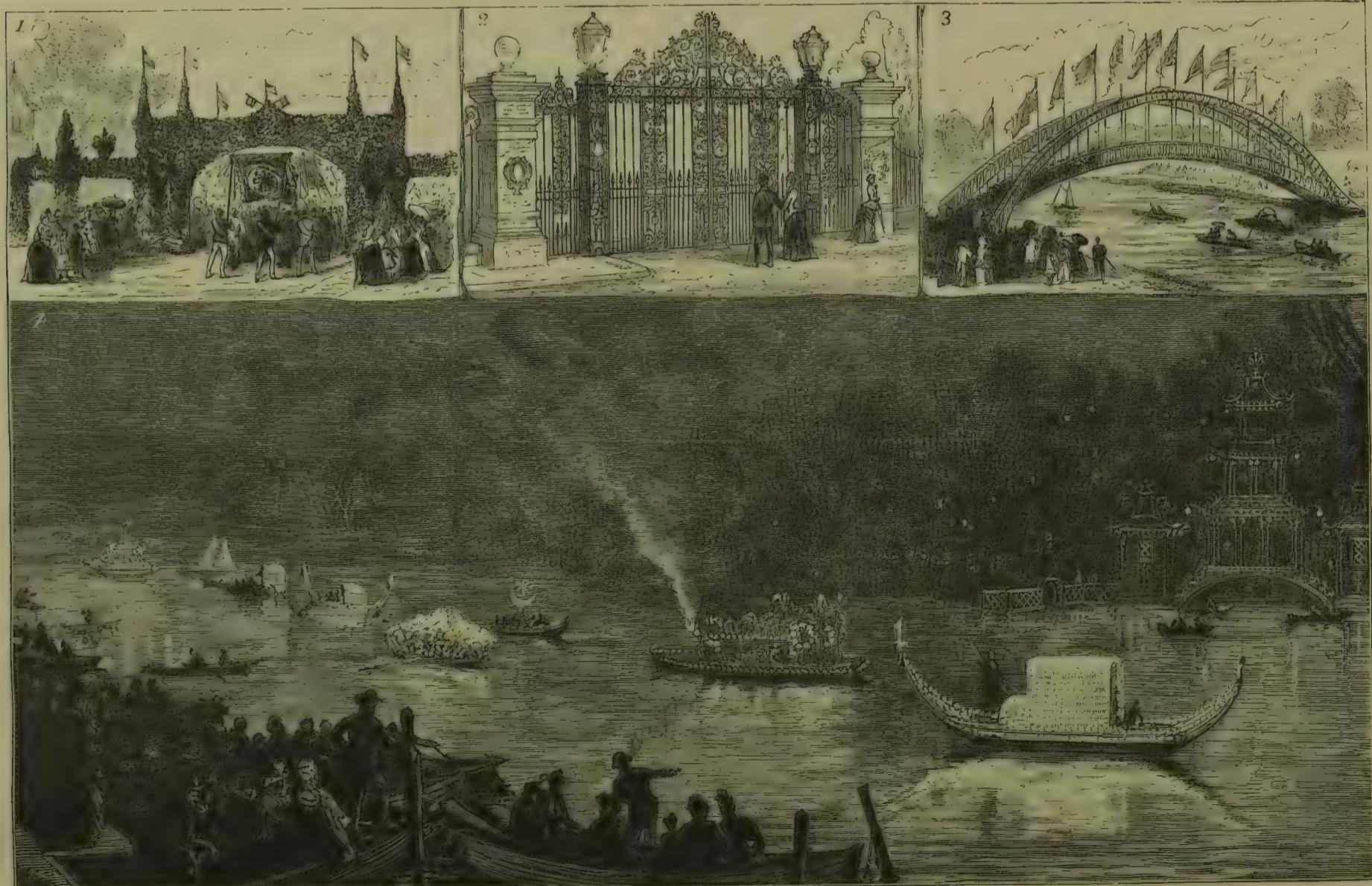
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MONUMENT OF GAMBETTA IN THE PLACE DU CARROUSEL, PARIS.—SEE PAGE 86.



1. Triumphal Arch.

2. New Park Gates.

3. New Foot-bridge.

4. River Carnival.

OPENING OF A NEW PARK AT BEDFORD, AND RIVER CARNIVAL.—SEE PAGE 86.

NOTICE.—Messrs. JAY'S Sale of SURPLUS STOCK is now proceeding, and Fresh Reductions are constantly being made in the prices of ELEGANT MODEL COSTUMES, MANTLES, and ARTISTIC MILLINERY, specially selected in Paris.

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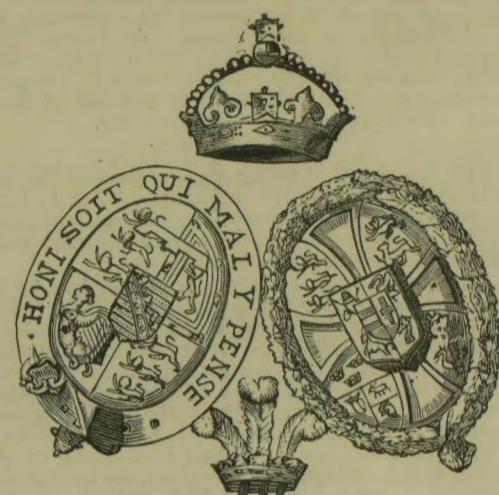
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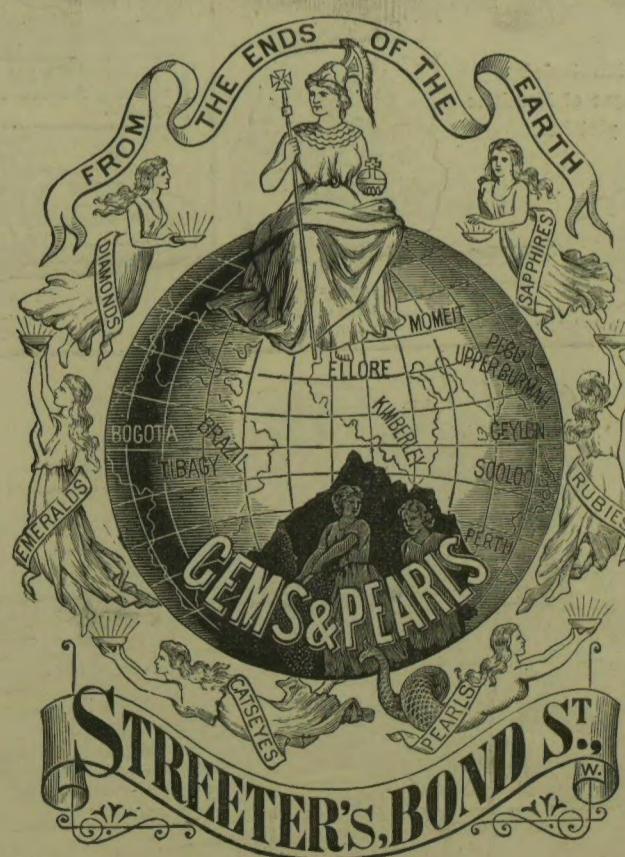
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THE GAMBETTA STATUE IN PARIS.

The statue of Gambetta, erected in the Place du Carrousel, close to the Louvre Garden, was publicly unveiled on Friday, July 13, in the presence of M. Carnot, President of the French Republic, assisted by all the Ministers and the Presidents of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. M. Floquet, the Prime Minister (President of the Council of Ministers), who had that morning fought his sword-duel with General Boulanger, walked at the head of his colleagues, and had an enthusiastic popular reception. Addresses were delivered by M. Spuller, chairman of the committee for this monument, who was secretary to Gambetta in the Provisional Government of 1870; M. Le Royer, President of the Senate, M. Meline, President of the Chamber, M. Floquet, and M. De Freycinet, another of Gambetta's colleagues at the commencement of the Republic; an ode was recited by the eminent actor M. Mouret-Sully, of the Théâtre Français. There was a marching-past of troops, and the whole affair was decidedly imposing. On Saturday, July 14, the anniversary of the capture of the Bastille, President Carnot and the members of the French Government held a military review, and attended a banquet given to 1500 provincial Mayors and other official dignitaries, at the Exhibition buildings in the Champ de Mars. Statues of Etienne Marcel, a patriotic ancient Mayor of Paris, and of Sergeant Bobillot, a soldier who died bravely with the army in Tonquin, also a monument and bust commemorating incidents of the Revolution of 1789, were unveiled on the same day.

The Rev. Dr. R. C. Billing, many years Rector of Spitalfields, and the Ven. F. H. Thicknesse, D.D., Archdeacon of Leicester, were, on Sunday morning, July 15, consecrated in St. Paul's Cathedral as Bishop Suffragan of Bedford and Bishop Suffragan of Leicester respectively.

The annual general meeting of the Society for the Protection of Women and Children was held at St. James's Hall Restaurant on July 13, Lord Mount-Temple, president of the society, occupying the chair. The twenty-ninth annual report stated that owing to the increased support that had been given to the society of late years, the council had been enabled not only considerably to extend their work, but also greatly to improve their financial position. The report specified a number of cases in which the society had successfully acted in the interest of ill-used women and children, the cases investigated during 1887 numbering 683. The receipts for the year amounted to £1149, and the expenditure to £615.

The second Public Archery Meeting of the season at the Crystal Palace closed on July 13. The top scores of the meeting, or the double York and National Rounds, were made by Mr. C. E. Nesham, Royal Toxophilite Society, and Mrs. P. Legh. Applying the percentage system to the scores in respect of past successes, first score prizes went to Mrs. W. Yates Foot, and to the Rev. C. H. Everett; second prizes to Mrs. W. Legh and Mr. W. G. Mason; third prizes to Mrs. Haigh and Captain E. M. Allen; fourth prizes to Miss C. Radford and Rev. Eyre Hussey; fifth prizes, Mrs. Nesham and Mr. Nesham; sixth prize, Mrs. Preston; and seventh prize, Miss Hutchinson. The prizes for most golds went to Mr. Preston and Mrs. Eyre Hussey, but the greatest number of golds in scoring were made by Mrs. C. Radford and Mr. C. E. Nesham. Two notable events in the contest were Mrs. Legh making three consecutive golds at one end at fifty yards, and receiving the customary subscription shillings, and a fine pin-hole gold at sixty yards by Mrs. Preston.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Colonel Inigo Richmond Jones, Scots Guards, with Miss Charteris, daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Richard Charteris, took place in St. Mark's Church, North Audley-street, on July 12. Captain the Hon. Charles Harbord (Scots Guards) acted as best man. The bride, who was attended to the altar by four bridesmaids, entered the church at half-past two o'clock, with her brother, Mr. Charteris. A detachment of non-commissioned officers and privates of the Scots Guards attended, and lined the aisle. The bride was given away by her brother.

The marriage of the Rev. R. H. Hadden, Vicar of Aldgate, and Eva Prudence, daughter of Mr. J. Carbery Evans, of Hatley Park, Cambridgeshire, was solemnised in the Chapel Royal, Savoy, on July 12. The bridegroom was attended by Dr. W. Baugh Hadden as best man; and the four bridesmaids were the Misses Millicent and Dorothy Evans (sister of the bride), Miss Hadden (sister of the bridegroom), and Miss Dorothy Leadam. Two little boys, nephews of the bride, acted as pages. The historical chapel was quite filled with the wedding-party, and in the chancel stalls were several clergymen.

The marriage of General J. Thornhill Bushby, late Judicial Commissioner of Berar, H.A.D., and Mrs. Costley Daly, of 23, The Boltons, South Kensington, and of Glan-y-Mor, Torquay, was solemnised on July 11 at St. Mary, The Boltons, South Kensington. The presents were numerous and costly.

A marriage will shortly take place between Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Miss Agneta Frances Ramsay, third daughter of Sir James Henry Ramsay, of Banff, in the county of Perth. Miss Ramsay, it will be remembered, was, last June, placed in the First Division of the First Class of the Classical Tripos, Part I., no man and no other woman having attained a place in the same division. Her position was practically equivalent to that of Senior Classic of the year.

The ball in aid of the London Hungarian Association of Benevolence, which took place on July 12, at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, was a most successful and enjoyable one. Over 500 ladies and gentlemen were present, including representatives of the Austro-Hungarian and Servian Consulates.

A terrible accident occurred near Hyde, on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, early on the morning of July 15. The axle of one of the passenger-carriages broke, causing the vehicle to oscillate and topple over. It was run into by the engine of a goods train, and four women were killed. Several other passengers were seriously injured.

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BIRTH.
On July 14, at 45, Upper Grosvenor-street, the Hon. Mrs. Chandos Leigh, of a son.

DEATH.
On Wednesday, July 11, 1888, after a short illness, at Belmont Park, Lee, Kent, Marianne, the beloved and affectionate wife of Brackstone Baker, aged 58.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

OPENING OF A NEW PARK AT BEDFORD.

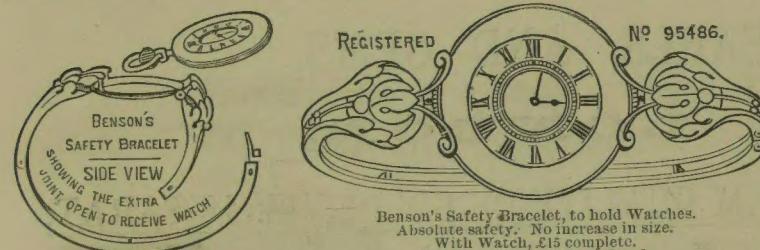
The pleasant and prosperous town of Bedford, which has almost trebled its population within half a century, and has now to boast of sanitary improvements, educational institutions, social conveniences, and suitable public buildings not excelled by any other town of its size, was the scene of much festivity on July 11, at the opening of the new park and grounds for popular recreation, with a new foot-bridge over the Ouse, and a pretty "carnival" on that river. The Marquis of Tavistock, son of the Duke of Bedford, and M.P. for the county from 1875 to 1885, performed the threefold opening ceremonies, supported by Mr. Samuel Whitbread, M.P., Lord Charles Russell, Lord Baring, Alderman James Howard, Mr. Joshua Hawkins, Mayor of Bedford, and other gentlemen of local note and influence. There was a procession from the Shirehall to the park, a ceremonial at the opening of the gates, and a luncheon in the Corn Exchange. The park, which has been formed by the Corporation of Bedford, consists of sixty-one acres, beautifully laid out by Messrs. W. Barron and Son, of Derby, landscape gardeners, at a cost of £7000; the iron gates, lodge, and pavilion are constructed in very good taste. This town possesses also the Cauldwell Recreation Ground and an agreeable promenade on the Embankment.

The concluding match of the Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club Regatta was sailed on July 14, the race being from Dover to Boulogne and back, for the Town Cup and £100, the second receiving £40, and the third £20. Seven started—the cutters May, Petronilla, Neptune, Mohawk, and Leander, and the yawls Vol-au-Vent and Gudrun. The Petronilla ran away from the others and held the lead throughout, turning the buoy at Boulogne at half-past two. The run home occupied about five hours, the result being—Petronilla first, Neptune second, and Mohawk third.

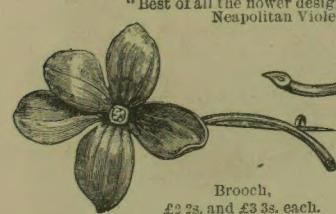
A fête and demonstration of Sunday-school scholars, to commemorate the Silver Wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales, was held on July 14 at the Crystal Palace. The chief feature of the day was a concert in the afternoon, rendered by 5000 voices, the huge orchestra being completely filled by the performers, who represented upwards of 100 schools, whose members are drawn from all parts of the metropolis, while contingents had also been sent from Croydon, Kingston, and Leytonstone. The other attractions of the day comprised athletic sports, balloon ascent, a display of fountains, and the open-air ballet, while the band of the Coldstream Guards was in attendance, performing in the grounds in the afternoon and evening.

The Lord Mayor has received from the Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler, Delegate Chief Rabbi, £648 8s. 11d., being the amount collected in the Jewish Synagogues in London for the Hospital Sunday Fund. The fund now exceeds £39,000.—The fifteenth annual outdoor collection on behalf of the Metropolitan Hospital Saturday Fund took place on July 14, when over 2000 collecting-stations were occupied. At an early hour ladies were at their posts at the various markets. The cab-trade, as last year, had 500 special boxes, and displayed pennants upon the whips, and announced the collection on the windows of their cabs. The docks, railway companies, and other industrial centres appeared to be vying with each other to bring about a successful collection. By favour of Mr. Edgar Shand, twenty-five boxes had been placed on the river-boats. By the consent of Lieutenant-Colonel Milman, a collection was made for the first time at the Tower of London. The workshop collection will continue weekly until Dec. 1.

BENSON'S BOND-ST. NOVELTIES.

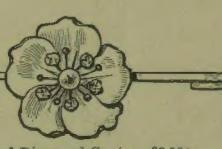


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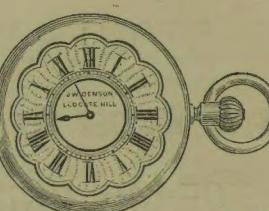


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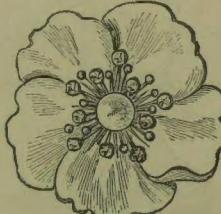
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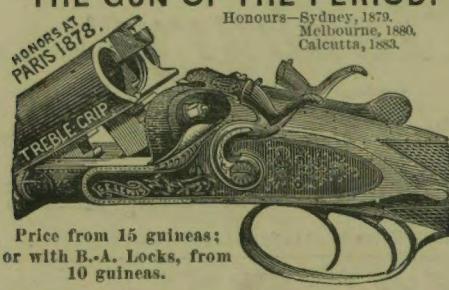
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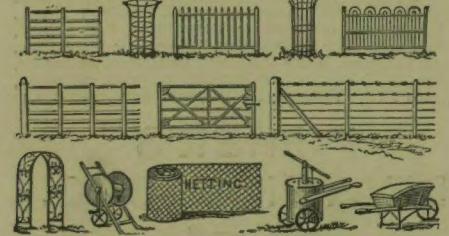
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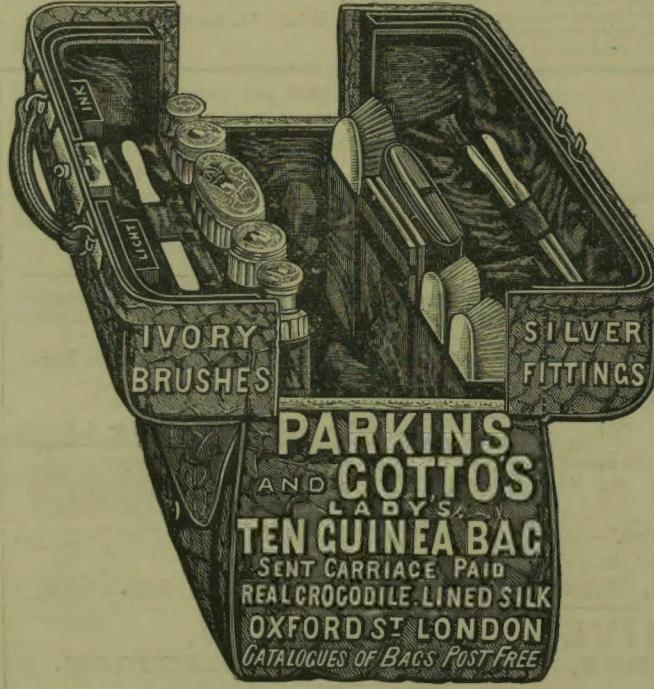
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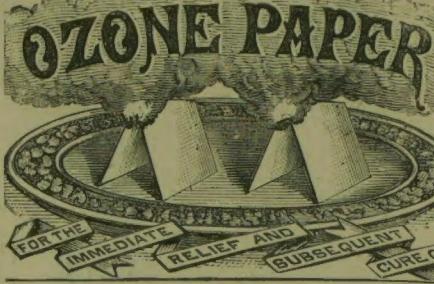
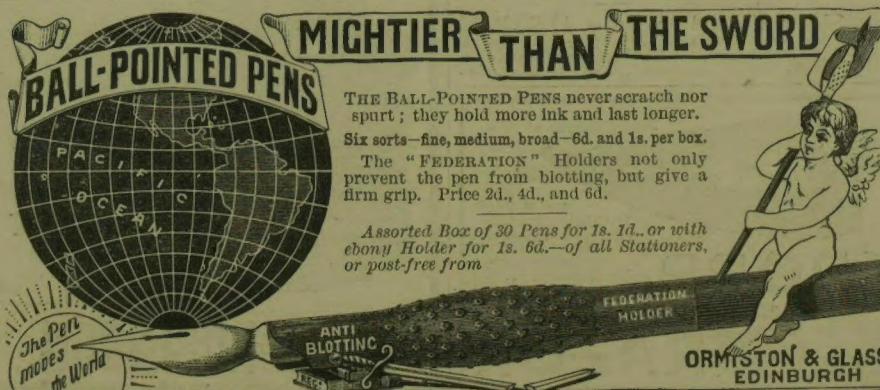
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